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SIXPENCE.

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THE REOPENING OF PARLIAMENT AFTER THE EASTER VACATION: INCIDENTS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 12.

SKETCHES BY S. BEGG.

After questions, the House proceeded to the Navy Estimates. The vote of £3,646,000 for armaments, and that of £3,044,200 for personnel, were agreed to.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

With a stroke of the pen "Perfidie Albion" disappears from the haunts of bogeydom. In all the comments on the terms of the Anglo-French Agreement there is no mention of a concession by France, none the less important because it is not set down. She gives up a very old tradition in which generations of Frenchmen have been bred—the tradition of English bad faith. To all those generations England was "Perfidie Albion," the island of treachery. It is really easier to cede territory than to give up bogeys, and the sacrifice of this one is not the least achievement of M. Delcassé's statesmanship. There is also a bogey to be sacrificed on our side, for it has been the traditional belief of Englishmen time out of mind that the French cannot be sincere, and that their pleasing manners are a form of perjury. It was unnatural, we said, for the French to be so polite: they must be hiding something. Away goes this cherished prejudice. We greet our gallant neighbours with frank esteem. Vive la France!

The triumph of the *Entente Cordiale* has enormously increased the prestige of England and France throughout the world. I commend that fact to the prophets who told us four years ago that England's sun had set in dishonour, and that there was nothing ahead of us but an endless vista of shame. People whose peculiar joy it is to foul their own country should learn a useful lesson from the present situation, if they be capable of learning anything. Instead of the endless vista of shame, what do we find? Simply that England stands higher at this moment in everything that makes a nation respected than she has stood since the hectoring days of Palmerston. That Europe recognises this is shown by the remarkable utterance of M. de Neligoff, the Russian Ambassador in Paris. "Your *entente* with England," said he, "relieves you of many anxieties and embarrassments; and this is why it is gratifying to us as well. Moreover, do not forget the proverb: *Les amis de nos amis sont nos amis*. Who knows whether it will not be verified afresh?"

This, it may be, savours more of poetry than of diplomacy. One pictures M. de Neligoff as a fine, romantic spirit, with a touch of mysticism and a dash of Tolstoy. He may be the exact opposite of all this, and may be coolly calculating that the success of the Anglo-French Agreement may incline England to make a liberal bargain with Russia. But whether it be calculation or poetry, it is clear that M. de Neligoff's mood is not disturbed by the transactions in Tibet. It is only in our own country, among the professors of foreign feelings, that Russia is known to be filled with a deep and undying sense of wrong. M. de Neligoff does not know it, and the Russian journals are actually writing about the Tibet Mission as if it did not concern Russia in the least. It is the new unity of England and France which has shed over the world this light of wisdom, wherein everything is transfigured, even in the remote wilderness inhabited by the Lamas.

Mr. J. H. Leigh's ambition to produce at the Court Theatre such plays of Shakspere as are seldom, if ever, acted is scarcely exhilarating. I heard that excellent enthusiast, Mr. William Poel, declare not long ago that the education needed by the English people was incessant Shakspere. Let the poet be acted everywhere and always, and there would be a magical uplifting of the public taste. Mr. Leigh seems to hold the same idea; hence the production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." What would be said of this tonic for the public taste, I wonder, if it were quite new, and if worthy Master Shakspere were at the outset of his rather remarkable career? The learned critic, with an eye to the encouragement of rising merit, would not be too severe. "We are ready to admit," he might say, "that the author has a pretty fancy. His song, 'Who is Silvia?' is charming, and likely to be a great favourite in the drawing-room for a whole season. Some of his lines are very apt. 'To make a virtue of necessity,' for instance, should be useful to the writers of leading articles. 'Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits' is also a capital line, and should send a good many customers to Messrs. Cook."

"But we must point out to Master William Shakspere the danger of taking liberties even with a public so tolerant as ours. Does he really imagine that the behaviour of his 'Two Gentlemen' is plausible, or even coherent? Valentine, who is in love with Silvia, repairs to her father's court at Milan; and his bosom friend Proteus, who is in love with Julia, joins him there. But no sooner does Proteus set eyes upon Silvia than he is faithless to Julia, and a traitor to his friend. We do not believe so strongly as Master Shakspere in love at first sight; still less do we believe in its power to turn a decent young fellow into a mean, contemptible knave. What moral would the author have us draw from the conduct of Proteus? Apparently none whatever, except that, for the purposes of the

story, an honest youth may be changed into a villain and back again by sleight-of-hand! Mr. A. B. Walkley tells us that it is the business of the dramatist and the actors to hypnotise us in the theatre. Was anybody hypnotised by Proteus? Did we for a single moment believe in Valentine, who, for plotting to elope with Silvia, is banished by the Duke from Milan, and is engaged as professor of languages to a band of outlaws?

"Silvia, flying through the forest in search of Valentine, is overtaken by Proteus, who is about to behave like the worst of blackguards when his friend intervenes. Does the startling revelation of his perfidy make it plain that some penalty, at least a kicking, is called for? Not at all. Proteus professes his "hearty sorrow," and Valentine makes this amazing response—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased:
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Really, Master Shakspere! Your Valentine is the poorest hand at the hypnotic business that we ever struck. Hapless Silvia, who has braved everything for him, he hands over coolly, as a token of his esteem, to the other gentleman of Verona. We may all be such simpletons in the theatre as Mr. Walkley says we are—all except himself; but we are not so green as you imagine. Julia, disguised as a page, swoons away, of course, and discloses herself to Proteus, who turns honest again straight off, and vows to cherish her. We wish her joy; but in the interests of the poetical drama, of which Master Shakspere may become an ornament if he will take it seriously, we must assure him that his new comedy, in the expressive American idiom, does not hypnotise worth a cent."

Mr. Walkley has been harping again on his theatrical "crowd"—a number of quite intelligent people, if you could get at them separately in their own homes, but transformed into docile subjects for the dramatic hypnotist when they sit down in the theatre. This is pure fantasy. Mr. Walkley has borrowed his theory of the "crowd" from a French professor, and run it to death. It is absurd to suppose that the aggregation in the theatre has one mind, one soul, one point of view, which fade away when the crowd disperses; in other words, that when you sit down in the theatre you surrender all the independent ideas you had before you came, and let yourself be hypnotised not only by the illusion of the stage, but also by the common denominator of a mind which belongs to the audience. This theory is flatly opposed to ordinary experience. There is nothing in the world upon which people are more at variance than they are about the theatre. You have only to mention a play at a dinner-table, and half-a-dozen points of view spring at once into speech. Does Mr. Walkley suppose that the people who differ so widely at the table were of one opinion in the playhouse?

Mr. Walkley seems to cherish his fictitious "crowd" chiefly to remind him that the theatre is rather a low place for a man of intellect. O cursed spite that ever he was born to sit there on first nights! "Pleasure," he says, is all the stage-can offer, as if this were a poor refection for a mind fed on Aristotle. The "pleasure" has had a pretty considerable range. The theatrical "crowd" in Shakspere's time had some rather exalted moments. Charles Lamb, a virtuoso of intellectual recreation, enjoyed the theatre without shame. He never reproached himself with quitting his own fireside and Aristotle for the actors who sacrificed their personal dignity by making believe to be other people. Mr. Walkley is shocked in his inmost soul by an actor who speaks another man's words. No doubt Mr. Walkley is equally pained at a concert by a singer who does not sing his own songs, and by a musician who degrades himself to picking out a stranger's melodies with his fingers. How much more dignified to employ one's fingers in turning over Aristotle, and one's voice in discoursing on Professor Tardieu's "crowd"!

For sheer perversity I know nothing to match Mr. Walkley's notion that the player degrades his manhood by assuming a character. That is not Hamlet's view, and Hamlet is, on the whole, a better authority than Mr. Walkley. When he notes the First Player's grief for Hecuba in reciting the death of Priam, the Prince does not make this the occasion for contemptuous comment or sham sentiment. He treats the actor as a medium of artistic passion, an interpreter of ideas. If we wish to appreciate the character of Hamlet, a fine impersonation makes a deeper impression than any number of articles. To say, then, that a Macready or an Irving degrades his manhood by playing Hamlet, while a critic rises in his own esteem by writing on the subject, is to say something which has, indeed, the merit of originality, but no other merit.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

So conflicting have been the reports during the last few days that everyone must welcome the announcement that the correspondents of the European and American papers have at length been permitted to proceed to the front. The circumstance may also be held to indicate that the Japanese are now prepared to lift in some measure the veil of secrecy which has hitherto been drawn before the movements of the army in Northern Korea. What is more, we may be able to obtain some trustworthy knowledge of the recent events in that neighbourhood, where one account at least states that, on March 28, the Japanese advance-guard caught six hundred Russians entrenched, and captured seventy men and six guns. The correspondent who sends this information does not state that he actually saw either the guns or the prisoners; and the same may be said of the report that the first batch of Japanese prisoners has been brought to Harbin.

The statement that the Japanese have crossed the Yalu is not confirmed. Nor is it likely that this move would be undertaken hastily, unless by scouting parties endeavouring to ascertain the strength of the enemy. It should be remembered that the lower Yalu is not a river easily bridged, particularly at the present season, when the melting of the mountain snows adds to the volume of water. In all probability, as soon as possible the Japanese will call to their aid some of their smaller vessels, the use of which should give them a great advantage. It is in their favour also that they are well acquainted with this country, which they occupied in 1894-95. They will find plenty of timber here, when they require it for the bridges they will construct. Most probably they will not experience opposition until they reach Feng-Hwang-Chweng, which the Russians are said to have entrenched. This place is about forty miles from the river, and is important as marking the bifurcation of the road, one branch leading to Liao-Yang, about a hundred miles distant, and the other to Mukden via the Mo-Tien-Ling, the distance being about forty miles. It is not, however, necessary to cross the famous pass itself, for the road runs to the northward, and is, although not so good as that to Liao-Yang, still fairly possible for wheeled transport. The previous experience of the Japanese over these roads will certainly be turned to good account on this occasion, and the circumstance that they are acquainted with every lane and by-path hereabouts may have been a factor in determining the Russians to avoid a conflict in this mountainous district.

The condition of affairs at Port Arthur remains a mystery. On the one hand, the withdrawal of Admiral Togo, if true, appears to indicate his belief that the port is sufficiently sealed for his immediate purpose. On the other, the statement that Admiral Makaroff is cruising with his lighter vessels outside the harbour may be held to signify that he has obtained information about the temporary base in which the Japanese commander prepares his vessels for blocking-up purposes, and proposes making a raid upon them with his destroyers and torpedo-boats. It is by no means certain that either Admiral would care to risk a fleet action at the present juncture, Makaroff evidently having no battle-ships available, and Togo wishing to keep his fleet intact for future occasions. It can hardly be doubted that the Russians will presently attempt to send naval reinforcements to the Far East. And although a careful examination of her effective ships does not reveal anything like a fleet of the dimensions which have been hazarded in some quarters, yet there is at her command a certain number of vessels, which, if they can be placed in the field of action, will certainly require attention at the hands of the Japanese Admiral. At the same time, competent observers refuse to place any credence in the suggested voyage of the Baltic Squadron to the Far East by way of the Sea of Kara. It may be true that a Russian officer who has made this voyage has reported that he could pilot the fleet through the Northern Seas towards the end of June, and believes that he could reach his destination by the end of August. The risks, however, are so much greater than the possible benefit that could be derived from taking such a course that it may well be dismissed on the grounds of its inexpediency, apart from any question of its practicability.

Most interesting at the present time is the information which Admiral Rozhdestvenski has made public through a Paris paper. This officer has for some little time filled the position of Chief of the Naval Staff. He is comparatively young, and is in touch with the very best opinion abroad upon naval questions. He admits that he has been offered, and has accepted, the command of the Baltic Squadron; but at the same time he appears to doubt if that squadron is likely to be sent to the Far East. He names July 15 as the date upon which it will be ready. But as he is of opinion that after September next there will be no further use for the navy in the Far East, he holds that it will be better to keep it in home waters. This, however, he explains, is purely his personal view. What is even more interesting is the frank manner in which the Russian Admiral acknowledges the mistakes which were made at Port Arthur in the early days of the war, and the disadvantage under which it has placed the Russian seamen at the port. He is quoted as saying: "At the previous stage the course that should have been adopted was this. Attack should have been met by attack; our sailors should have advanced against the enemy, fought to the death, with guns, with fists, and even with their teeth. It should have been victory or death. But in any case it was indispensable to inflict upon the enemy such loss as to have rendered the landing of troops impossible. Sacrificed the fleet should have been, if need be, but at the same time a fatal blow would have been delivered to the Japanese naval power. Disembarkation would thus have been made impossible. You now understand why it is essential to take the offensive at any cost."

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT AND CONTINUITY IN FOREIGN POLICY.

One fine morning in days when Lord Palmerston was at the Foreign Office, an Englishman living on the top floor of a house in Florence was watering flowers on the window-ledges. His hand slipped, and the contents of the jug descended upon the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who chanced to be passing under the window. The Englishman ran hurriedly downstairs and into the street, profusely apologetic. "Don't mention it," said the Grand Duke kindly; "particularly do not mention it to Palmerston, or I shall be called upon to pay an indemnity."

The days in which the fear of our Foreign Office was so widespread as to justify the Grand Duke's jest have passed. Europe to-day has neither a Talleyrand nor a Palmerston; but the great Foreign Offices, particularly those at Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay, are directed by men of attainments, who do much to maintain the peace of the world in the milder fashion the times demand. M. Delcassé had won his spurs on the banks of the Seine before Lord Lansdowne had gone near to losing his in Pall Mall; but we have learned to recognise that Lord Salisbury acted with his usual political sagacity when he moved his colleague from one high position to another, and turned an unfortunate War Minister into a successful Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

The publication of the Anglo-French Agreement shows that the courtesy and consideration of our attitude to a great and gifted neighbour have not lessened to any noticeable extent the Ministerial ability to insist upon all points that are vital to British interests. But while negotiations, though drawing to a friendly close, were not quite completed, the foreign secretaries on either side of the Channel were face to face with an exasperating condition of things that emphasised the imperfections pertaining to two of the most liberal political systems in the world. Either Mr. Balfour or M. Combes may fall from power to-morrow, next week, next month: they might have passed before the negotiations between Paris and London had been brought to a successful issue. In Great Britain a comparatively trivial domestic question may drive the Government from office—an affair of twopence in the income-tax, or a side issue in the educational muddle about which so much ink is spilt. In France the question agitating the public mind at home, great and grave as it undoubtedly is, can hardly compare in importance with the larger issues that face the Republic abroad. Though France adored Amiel and revelled in his witty journal, she has overlooked the latter half of one of the most significant sentences in it—

L'Etat libéral est irréalisable avec une religion antilibérale, et presque irréalisable avec l'absence de religion.

Neglect of the aphorism may yet prove fatal to M. Combes.

It is undeniable that neither British nor French Premier sits very securely in power at the present moment; and if the first goes, Lord Lansdowne must go with him; while the fall of M. Combes would probably lead to changes at the Quai d'Orsay, perhaps to the appointment of the "stormy petrel of foreign politics," Emile Etienne. Yet the most casual glance at the world's problems makes it clear that there has seldom been a time when continuity of policy was more imperative. Foreign affairs in the past five or six years have been moving at an unprecedented pace towards developments none of us can foresee. All round our Indian Empire, in Persia, Afghanistan, and Tibet, the demand for strong action in place of the old policy of *laissez faire* has been made manifest, not only to the Viceroy abroad, but to the Cabinet at home.

Great Britain and France, side by side, hand in hand, may enable Europe to weather the storms that threaten, but we have to recognise the special difficulties of the position, and be very grateful that the two responsible Ministers have been able to finish their work undisturbed. Once again, in spite of our Constitution, we have "muddled through somehow."

There is no consolation to be derived from the presence of our Ambassadors at the Courts of the Great Powers. Since the daily paper and the telegraph-wire brought every part of the world into touch, our most trusted Ambassadors have been taking their instructions from the head office. They may not act on their own initiative; indeed, the steps of diplomacy are too slippery to make an Ambassador anxious to walk without assistance. A political element, however slight, enters into all diplomatic appointments. There are men waiting for promotion that can come only with a change of Government; consequently the departure of the head of the Foreign Office, whether in Paris or London, is followed within a little time by some alteration in the personnel of the Embassies and by a prompt and perhaps dangerous change in the orders that each Ambassador receives. It is common knowledge that our rivals on the Continent have relied upon the Constitutional weakness that might at any moment substitute a Little Englander for a statesman at Downing Street, for no better reason than that a Chancellor of the Exchequer had been forced into unpopularity in order to meet the national bills, or a few bye-elections had gone wrong in districts where the "summering" of the country had been neglected by the party in power.

This is a really unfortunate state of affairs, and the possibilities of, say, M. Emile Etienne at the Quai d'Orsay and some shrinking but conscientious gentleman of narrow views and little Imperial training at Downing Street, are calculated to provoke a shudder of apprehension. Had any change of this nature taken place before the negotiations between France and Great Britain came to a happy end, the patient labour of years would have been wasted. Newfoundland, Siam, Egypt, and Morocco would have retained their unenviable power of creating a European war of the first magnitude.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE SWORD OF THE KING," AT WYNDHAM'S.

In Mr. Ronald Macdonald's new play, "The Sword of the King," which Miss Ida Molesworth produced last Saturday at Wyndham's Theatre, there is no lack of such bustling adventure, dashing sword-play, and strenuous rhetoric as our stage deems the essentials of costume romance. Unfortunately the playwright has failed to remember how small a line divides the sublime from the ludicrous, and so over several would-be romantic scenes of his the first-night audience did not spare its chuckles. But who would not smile at a preliminary act which shows a nightgowned damsels straining to a lover who to reach her has to stand on his horse's saddle, dragging him in when his horse runs from under his feet, tumbling him out of his foes' way into her own bed, and pretending he is an old woman with a raging tooth! Nor has the author's tact gone astray only in choice of incidents; he has selected the wrong sort of person as the centre of romantic devotion: it is the phlegmatic William III, whom Philippa rides off in cavalry uniform to rescue. Lastly, Mr. Macdonald has committed the mistake of making his characters constantly vacillate. Still, there is a robustious energy about the piece, and among its many interpreters Miss Molesworth looks very picturesque in masculine attire, if she acts with little subtlety. Mr. Fulton as the King displays an imposing aspect and a melodramatic intensity, and Mr. Ben Webster does his best for the harassed hero.

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," AT THE COURT.

Only an academic interest can attach to any revival of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," a romantic play of transferred love and betrayed friendship which is probably the second earliest of Shakspere's efforts, is almost certainly an adaptation, and has little importance, save as containing raw material which the Bard worked up in later comedies. The best things in the piece, which abounds in rather wearisome conceits, are the speeches of the two clowns, Launce and Speed, only one set of several couples among the *dramatis personae*. In the Court revival Mr. Poulton, as the more rotund, and Mr. Granville Barker, as the slimmer fool, prove capital foils; and the best performances otherwise are Mr. Devereux's finely Italianate rendering of the faithless Proteus, Miss Rosina Filippi's broadly comic portrait of Lucetta, and Misses Thirza Norman's and Ellen O'Malley's representations of the heroines. Mr. Acton Bond makes a very florid Valentine.

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MUSIC.

The musical season began this year with the Kruse Festival on April 9. There was a crowded house. The programme included Dr. Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The Sheffield chorus are now very familiar with Dr. Elgar's work, and they give it admirably, despite its complex difficulties of technique. Dr. Coward has trained them excellently. The orchestra, under the baton of Herr Weingartner, was also worthy of the highest commendation. Mr. Gervase Elwes sang the part of Gerontius superbly. Mr. Ffrangon-Davies sustained the bass part equally as well as in his memorable performance in Westminster Cathedral. The Choral Symphony is now such a familiar item on a London musical programme that it requires no word but one, and that of praise for Herr Weingartner, his orchestra, and his choir.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament reopened on April 12 after the Easter vacation. The Prime Minister informed Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman that the recent action in Tibet made it necessary for the Government to ask the sanction of the House for the employment of Indian troops beyond the Indian Frontier. The matter would be taken on April 13, and this would delay the Licensing Bill until next week. The House then went into Committee on the Navy Estimates, and an interesting discussion ensued, in which Mr. Gibson Bowles and Sir Charles Dilke took part. Mr. Bowles drew attention to the under-gunning of cruisers. The vote of £3,646,000 for armaments and that of £3,044,200 for personnel were agreed to. Captain Norton moved for a reduction, on the ground that Deptford Victualling Yard labourers, who receive 21s. a week, are underpaid.

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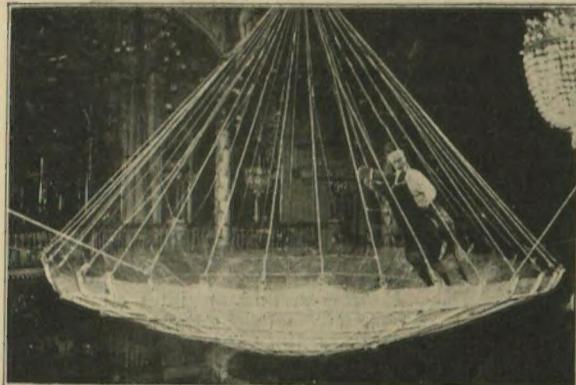
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THE KING
IN DENMARK.

Professor Finsen has no more interested friends than King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who never fail, when in Copenhagen, to visit his light-cure institution. This year was no exception; and their Majesties made their usual tour of inspection, and afterwards visited the Professor himself, who is, unfortunately, at present lying ill. On April 11 Queen Alexandra and Princess Charles of Denmark went out shopping in the capital; and on the



Photo, Delius
THE CIRCLE OF DEATH: AN EXTRAORDINARY
MUSIC-HALL "TURN" IN PARIS.

The circle is practically a bottomless basket, round the sides of which the horseman gallops while it is suspended in mid-air.

evening of April 12 the Court and the royal visitors attended a ball and supper given by Prince Christian and Princess Alexandrine.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT. The new Treaty with France is everywhere hailed as one of the greatest achievements of diplomacy. It settles all the questions that threatened to cause misunderstanding. France withdraws the veto, for example, that so greatly hampered the financial administration of Egypt, and she withdraws this because she recognises definitively the political ascendancy of England in that country. The importance of this concession is somewhat underrated here because we have been accustomed for so long to regard our position in Egypt as stable. It has now passed out of diplomatic questions, and for that gain it was well worth while to make territorial concessions in West Africa, and even to recognise the predominance of France in Morocco. Moreover, our trade interests there are preserved for at least thirty years. France gives up the "French Shore" of Newfoundland; so our colonists there will no longer be excluded from their own coast. The French canned-lobster factories remain, the lobster being thus raised to the dignity of a fish. Here the settlement is not quite thorough, for one does not see why the French should retain

caravans a practicable route between the Niger and the lake. The Los Islands have also been ceded. These last, while involving no strategic loss to Britain, are a distinct advantage to France. It is interesting to note that some French critics believe that their advantages under the Treaty are more "apparent than real," and that the English are the real gainers. Such is not the impression in this country; but apart from the considerations of bargain, there is a general feeling of satisfaction at the opening of a new era of conciliation between France and England. Charts illustrating the Treaty appear on another page.

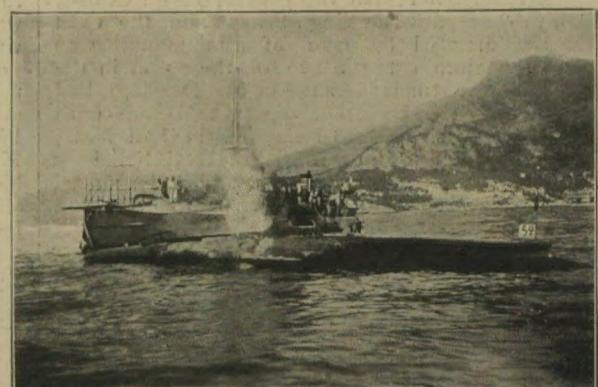
LORD CROMER'S FIGURES.

Following the Anglo-French Agreement, Lord Cromer's financial statement in a Parliamentary White Paper just issued concerning Egypt and the Soudan comes with especial significance. During the year 1903 the revenue has exceeded the expenditure by £2,133,000. The estimates for the current year provide for an increased expenditure of £227,000, and for a reduction of taxation involving a loss of about £20,000. It will be remembered that by the new agreement with France, Egypt and her British advisers secure unfettered control of the surplus savings of the Egyptian Debt. The admirable administration of Lord Cromer is the best argument, if any were needed, for the advisability of leaving Egyptian finance even more completely than

After this had been done pumping was renewed, and soundings showed that the stern of the vessel was slowly lifting. When darkness fell, however, the hull had not appeared above the surface, and further leakages of air were understood to be the cause of the delay.

LORD KITCHENER'S REPORT.

Lord Kitchener's studies in Indian military organisation have resulted in a lengthy Army Order dealing with the general state of military preparations in India. The Commander-in-Chief in India, recognising that the army under his command is small, lays stress on the



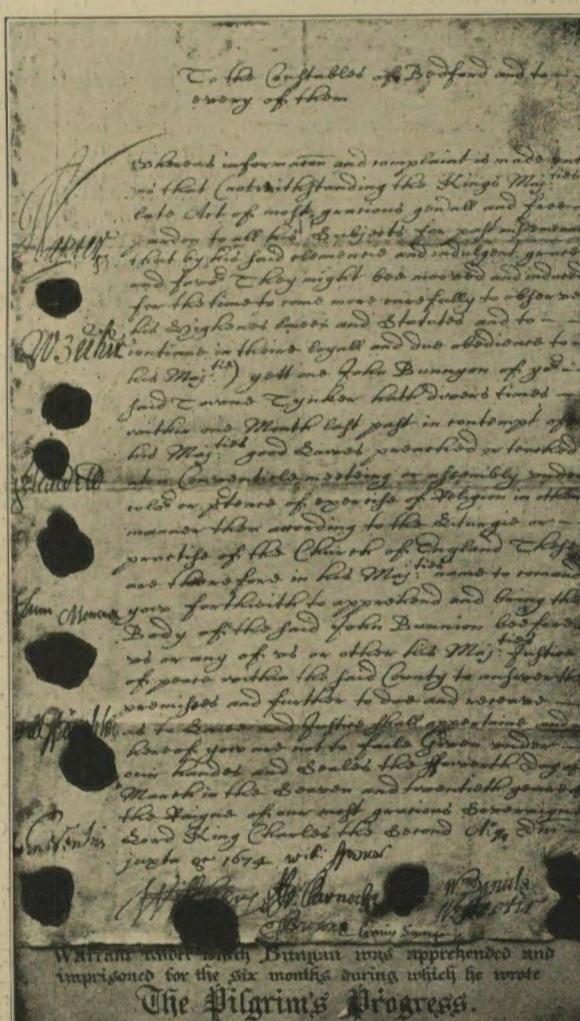
Photo, Chasseau-Flavien
THE FIRE ON A MOTOR-BOAT: THE "PARISIENNE II.,"
BURNED AT MONACO, APRIL 8.

Motor-boat races have been a feature of the Monaco season of 1904. On April 8 the boat figured above, the property of M. Couturier, caught fire, and four persons on board were rather seriously burnt.

consequent necessity for a high standard of efficiency. He warns the army against under-estimating the strength of the enemy, and requires all ranks to realise the vastly changed conditions of modern warfare. Lord Kitchener proposes to establish a Staff College in India, and wishes to abolish garrison classes, and to require all officers henceforth to acquire military education with their regiments. He impresses upon officers the value of individual training, and points out that while native officers are quick to learn the mechanical details of drill, they lack initiative when confronted with unexpected situations.

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE.

The British Constitution is full of secret joys, which come to light in the most surprising manner. It has just been discovered that the only really independent man in this island is the chief constable. About fourteen years ago the Legislature was under the impression that it had passed an Act placing the chief constable under the control of joint committees of County Councils and Justices of the Peace. This was an error. Nominally the Chairman of Quarter Sessions can direct the county police; actually he has no more authority over the chief constable than we have. This great discovery has



THE DOCUMENT TO WHICH WE OWE THE "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS": THE WARRANT FOR BUNYAN'S ARREST, TO BE OFFERED FOR SALE AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S ON APRIL 23.

During Bunyan's six months' incarceration in Bedford Jail on the above warrant, he wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress." The warrant is signed by thirteen Justices of the Peace, six Baronets, and seven Esquires.

before in the hands that have guided it to such prosperous issues.

THE KAISER'S MEDITERRANEAN TOUR.

The Emperor William II. in the course of his Mediterranean tour arrived at Malta on the afternoon of April 9. As the *Hohenzollern* entered the harbour a royal salute was fired by the ships and the land batteries. The British war-vessels were dressed, and the bands played the German National Anthem. The Emperor stood on the bridge of his yacht wearing the uniform of a British Admiral of the Fleet. His Majesty was welcomed by the Governor and Admiral Sir Compton Domville, and in the evening the former entertained the Emperor to dinner. On the following day the Kaiser visited the Armoury, the Public Library, St. John's Cathedral, the St. Antonio Palace, and attended Lady Clarke's At Home. On the same evening, at dinner on board the *Hohenzollern*, the Emperor proposed King Edward's health. On the 11th he witnessed British naval drill, and in the evening attended an official dinner at the Palace.



DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS IN SECTION: CURIOUS RESULT OF THE COLLAPSE OF A LONDON HOUSE.

On April 8 the side of a house in Warren Street, Tottenham Court Road, adjoining a site where houses had been demolished, collapsed, and the domestic arrangements of the interior became visible to the public gaze. Fortunately, no one was injured.



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DICKENS'S LONDON: THE BLACK BULL INN, HOLBORN, SHORTLY TO BE PULLED DOWN.
This ancient house of call is mentioned by Dickens in connection with the immortal Mrs. Gamp.

the right to fish in waters that do not belong to them, and to cure fish on a shore which is not theirs. In return Great Britain gives the French access to the river Gambia through a strip of purely British territory, by the cession of the town and territory of Yarbatenda; the frontier of Nigeria between the Niger and Lake Tchad had been modified so as to give French

THE LOST SUBMARINE.

The work of raising the lost submarine *A 1* has been greatly retarded by strong currents, but on the morning of April 11 the salvage company were able to begin the pumping of air into the body of the sunken vessel. During the afternoon Admiral Sir John Fisher and Rear Admiral Henderson, having been advised by pigeon post of the progress of the work, visited the scene of the wreck. The great rise of air-bubbles to the surface showed that there must be some leakage, and the divers accordingly descended to stop the escape.

been made by a citizen who was called a liar by a policeman. He sought redress in vain from the chief constable; and then he sought it from the chief constable's superiors. This quest was equally vain, for the chief constable has no superiors. Even

DIFFICULTIES OF THE JAPANESE OPERATIONS IN KOREA: A TOILSOME MARCH.

DRAWN BY DEVAMBEZ.



THROUGH MUD AND SNOW: A JAPANESE COLUMN PRESSING NORTHWARD TO THE YALU.

The Japanese have encountered untold difficulties in accomplishing their successful task of manoeuvring the Russians out of Korea. Their progress has necessarily been tedious, for they had to struggle through deep mud and snow amid broken and mountainous country.

the King has no power over this mighty subject. Let us hasten to scrape acquaintance with a chief constable, so as to beseech his favour in time of need.

THE ATTEMPT
TO ASSASSINATE THE
SPANISH PREMIER.

On April 12, as Señor Maura, the Spanish Prime Minister, was entering the Palace of the Council General at Barcelona, he was attacked by a young man, Joachim Michael Arta, who shouted, "Long live anarchy!" and, it is said, attempted to stab the Minister. Fortunately, the thick lace on Señor Maura's coat turned the weapon aside. The Premier coolly walked into the Palace, rang up the Minister of the Interior on the telephone, and informed him of his escape.

THE ADVANCE IN
TIBET

Advices from the Viceroy of India, bearing date of the 11th inst., announce that General Macdonald has reached Langma, a point two miles to the north of Khangma. There was a slight renewal of fighting. A force of 3000 of the enemy, after firing a few shots, retired to a point

five miles north of Changra. There were no casualties. It is said that the enemy is being reinforced from Gyangtse. Colonel Young-husband reports that the property of the General and the Lama killed at Guru has been confiscated by the Lhassa Government on account of their failure to stop the British Mission.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR THOMAS SALT, BT.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE
RAILWAY COMPANY.

April 9, was remarkable for at least one international scandal. Shortly before her birth in Madrid on Oct. 10, 1830, her father, Ferdinand VII., abolished the Salic Law. His daughter thus became Queen of Spain at the age of three, and ten years later, when she was declared to be of age, the object of a diplomatic struggle between the European Powers, who wished to nominate her husband. The result was as disastrous to her as it was discreditable to the Governments concerned, for she was forced—there is no other word—to marry her weakling cousin, Don Francisco d'Assiz. The union, as might have been anticipated, was an unhappy one, and led to separation after a few years. Before this, immediately upon her succession indeed, her troubles had begun. Don Carlos the first was thought by many to be the rightful occupier of the throne, and the disturbances organised by his supporters were soon followed by the terrible seven-years' Carlist War, which led to the desolation of Spain and the banishment of the would-be usurper and his adherents. No sooner had the traces of this war been almost erased than the revolution of 1868 broke out in Cadiz, and spread rapidly through the country. The Republicans were everywhere successful, and before the year was out a Provisional Government, with Republican ideals, had arisen, and Queen Isabella had fled to Paris. Thence she was forbidden to return, and two years later she abdicated in favour of her son, Alfonso XII., father of the present King.

The death of Miss Frances Power Cobbe on April 5 closed the career of a woman worker who had devoted her life, almost from girlhood, to the public service, uniting feminine sympathy to masculine mind and vigour. She was born in December 1822, the daughter and youngest child of Mr. Charles Cobbe, of Dublin, and early asserted her rights, quarrelling with her father on questions of religion when she was but twenty, and leaving his house as a consequence. She lectured and wrote for many years on franchise for women, appealed to Parliament on matters of Poor Law administration, education, the protection of women from brutal husbands, and actively advocated numerous schemes by which the lot of her sex was bettered. Of late years her abundant energies were devoted almost entirely to the abolition of vivisection. She was an enthusiastic member of the National Society until February 1898, when, the council having passed a resolution to the effect that "while the demand for the total abolition of vivisection will ever remain the ultimate object of the National Anti-Vivisection Society, the society is not thereby precluded from making efforts in Parliament for lesser measures having for their object the saving of animals from scientific torture,"

she maintained her attitude in favour of "nothing short of absolute abolition" by resigning. In addition to journalistic work for several London daily papers, Miss Cobbe wrote a number of books on theological and other subjects, her published being an "The Intuitive Theory of Morals."

Sir Salt, first who died had held member of im-public ments. born in son of the Thomas was educated Rugby Balliol Oxford,

graduated B.A., with a first-class in Law and History, in 1853, and M.A. three years later. For ten years, from 1853, he served as Captain in the 2nd Staffordshire Militia, and was at the same time partner in the private banking firms of Stevenson, Salt, and Co. (Stafford Old Bank) and Bosanquet, Salt, and Co., of London. His other commercial appointments were those of director and chairman of Lloyd's Bank, and chairman of the North Staffordshire Railway Company. As public official he was, at various periods, member of Parliament for Stafford in the Conservative interest, Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, a Church Estates Commissioner, an honorary Commissioner in Lunacy, chairman of the Lunacy Commission, a Public Works Loan Commissioner, and an Ecclesiastical Commissioner. Sir Thomas, who received his title in 1899, married Emma Helen Mary, daughter of Mr. J. L. Anderdon, of Chislehurst, in 1861, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Major Thomas Anderdon Salt, 11th Hussars.



THE LATE ADMIRAL MAKAROFF.
DROWNED AT PORT ARTHUR,
APRIL 13.

service on behalf of the Jewish soldier. Equally keen is his interest in music, and his numerous lectures and articles on Music in the Bible, the Music of the Synagogue, and allied subjects have earned considerable commendation.

Admiral Makaroff has not long survived his appointment to the supreme naval command in the Far East. The fortune of war has proved unkind, and during an engagement outside Port Arthur on April 13 the gallant Admiral went down with his flag-ship, the *Petropavlovsk*, and seven hundred men. The Grand Duke Cyril is reported wounded. Admiral Makaroff, it will be remembered, succeeded Admiral Stark after the first disastrous engagement at Port Arthur. He was one of the ablest of Russian naval commanders, an inventive genius, and a veteran in the service. During the Russo-Turkish War he was the pioneer of the torpedo, and with an improvised destroyer he sank four Turkish war-ships. He was a man of superb physique, and was a stern disciplinarian. Russia can ill afford his loss at this crisis.

The Hon. W. B. Vail, of Canada, who died at Dover on April 10, first entered public life in 1867, when he was elected to represent Digby in the Nova Scotia House of Assembly. Originally a Conservative,

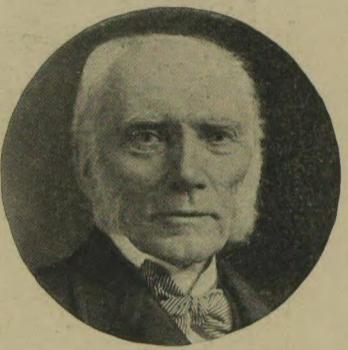


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE HON. W. B. VAIL,
CANADIAN STATESMAN.

he left his party for the Liberals on the former refusing to submit the terms of union with Canada for the approval of the electors. He joined the Provincial Government of Nova Scotia as Provincial Secretary; became Leader of the Government in the Provincial Assembly; and next a member of the Mackenzie Government as Minister of Militia and Defence of Canada. Digby then returned him to the House of Commons. His most noteworthy achievement while in office was the engineering of the Act establishing the Royal Military College at Kingston, and he had much to do with the selection of the staff of officers to take charge of that institution. He visited England as a delegate for the Nova Scotia Government in connection with the construction of the Western Counties Railway in 1882.

Sir Thomas Frost, who died on April 6, had the distinction not only of having been thrice Mayor of Chester, but of being the oldest magistrate and member of the Corporation. He was born in 1820, the second son of Mr. F. A. Frost, of Chester; and in 1874 unsuccessfully contested his native borough, losing the seat by the narrow margin of nine votes. On Mr. Gladstone's introduction of the Home Rule Bill, he, in company with other zealous workers for the cause of Liberalism, formed the Chester Liberal Unionist Association, of which he remained a member until his death. Sir Thomas, who was the head of a firm of millers, was well known for his benefactions to local institutions. He was knighted on the occasion of the opening of the Town Hall, Chester, in 1869.

Mr. Thomas McGovern, who died on April 6, at the age of fifty-three, had a singularly uneventful career as a Parliamentarian, a fact that would not be so remarkable had he been an ordinary instead of an Irish member. Mr. McGovern, who combined with the businesses of auctioneer and farmer the duties of director of the Cavan and Leitrim Railway Company, was returned unopposed to the House of Commons as Nationalist member for West Cavan in 1900, and had the good fortune to win the esteem not only of his Parliamentary colleagues, but of Irish Nationalists generally.

The medical profession in Ireland lost one of its most conspicuous members by the death of Sir Philip Crampton Smyly on April 8. Sir Philip, who was born in Dublin in 1838, graduated in Arts at Trinity College in 1859, and obtained his M.D. degree and

the Fellowship of the Royal Irish College of Surgeons in 1863. Settling in practice in his native city, it was not long before he attained success in his profession, and as early as 1869 he was appointed Surgeon in Ordinary to the Viceroy, an office he retained until 1892. In

the year following he became Surgeon in Ordinary to Queen Victoria in Ireland, and afterwards honorary Surgeon to the King. He was also closely associated with the Meath Hospital and other hospitals in Dublin, and held various professional offices, notably those of President of the Royal Irish College of Surgeons and representative of the College on the General Medical Council. He married a daughter of the third Lord Plunket.



Photo. Gunn.
HER LATE MAJESTY THE EX-QUEEN
ISABELLA OF SPAIN,
BORN, OCT. 10, 1830; DIED, APRIL 9, 1904.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MISS FRANCES POWER
COBBE,
WRITER AND REFORMER.

of the Beth Din and the duties of its members. That the choice that places him as chief minister at Sydney is a wise one, none who know what he has already accomplished can doubt. Mr. Cohen comes of a family keenly interested in synagogal affairs, and it is therefore not surprising that even while still a student he officiated as superintendent of the Chicksand Street classes of the Jewish Association for the Diffusion of Religious Knowledge; as preacher, reader, and teacher to the South Hackney Congregation; and for a time as assistant reader at the Great Synagogue. Nineteen years ago he was called to the ministry in Dublin, leaving that city some twelve months later to become preacher, reader, and secretary of the Borough Synagogue, Walworth. From that time he has faced



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE REV. FRANCIS L. COHEN,
NEW CHIEF MINISTER OF THE SYDNEY
HEBREW CONGREGATION, NEW SOUTH WALES.



Photo. Webster.
THE LATE SIR THOMAS G. FROST,
THREE MAYOR OF CHESTER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. THOMAS MCGOVERN,
M.P. FOR WEST CAVAN.

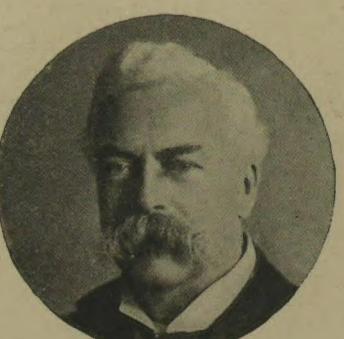
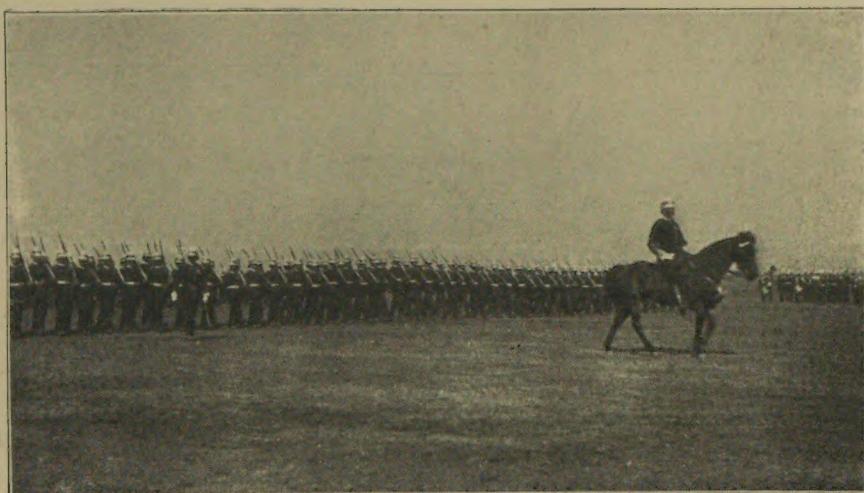


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR PHILIP SMYLY,
FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL IRISH
COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

sheer responsibilities that seldom fall to one man, and has the satisfaction of leaving his synagogue not only with an increased roll of membership, but with a higher income, fuller equipment, and greater congregational activity. For the latter asset Mr. Cohen's personal example has to be thanked. His early association with Aldershot, where he was born on Nov. 14, 1862, gave him an exceptional interest in military men and matters, and he has done excellent



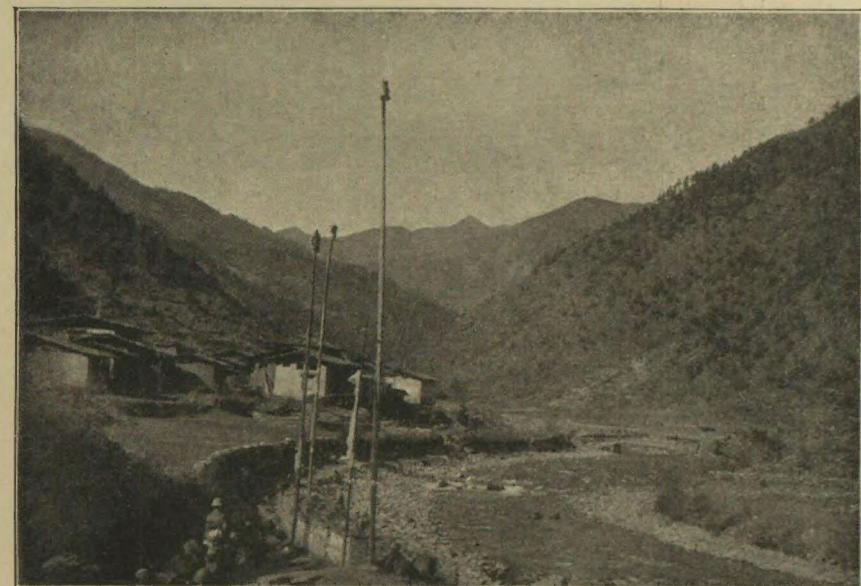
BRITISH COMBATANTS IN THE GURU ENGAGEMENT OF MARCH 31:
THE 1ST BATTALION NORFOLK REGIMENT.



THE UNION JACK IN TIBET: GENERAL MACDONALD AND HIS STAFF
15,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



GENERAL MACDONALD'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHUMBI: A TIBETAN HOUSE
OF THE BETTER CLASS.



THE RAJAH'S PALACE AT CHUMBI: A MILE FROM
THE BRITISH CAMP.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN TIBET: WITH GENERAL MACDONALD'S COLUMN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITION.

The Union Jack here shown is planted on the top of the Tangda. In the background appears the peak of Chumolhari, 23,930 feet high. The photograph was taken at a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. In the picture of the Rajah's Palace, note the prayer-flags and the chortens, the curious little sepulchral shrines of Tibet.



The King.

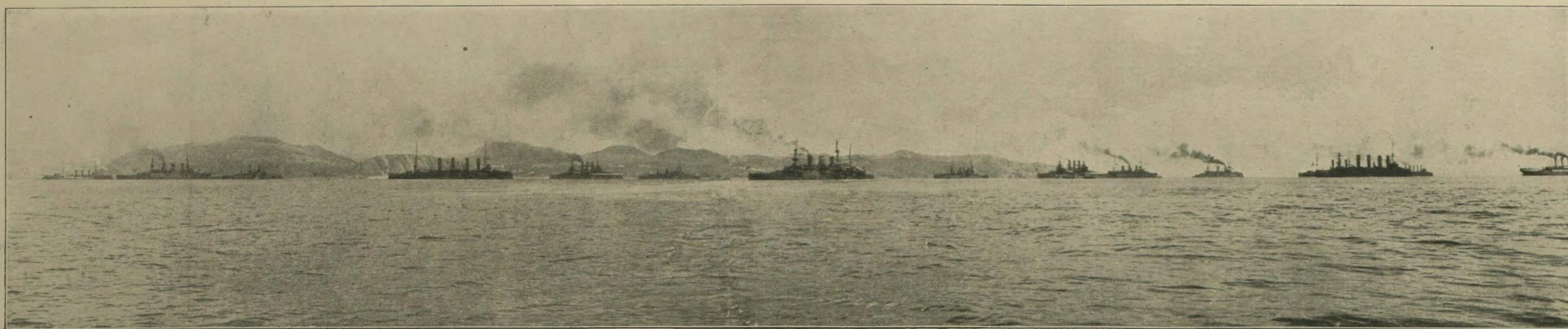
KING EDWARD AS A DANISH HUSSAR: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE WORKING OF THE DANISH RIFLE-MITRAILLEUSE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. AAGAARD, SUPPLIED BY GEORG KALKAR.

On April 7 King Edward visited the headquarters of the Royal Danish Hussars, of which regiment he is honorary Colonel. His Majesty, who wore the uniform of the regiment, inspected the men, and then watched with the keenest interest the working of the Danish rifle mitrailleuse, a weapon served almost like an ordinary rifle, with which one man can shoot three hundred rounds a minute.

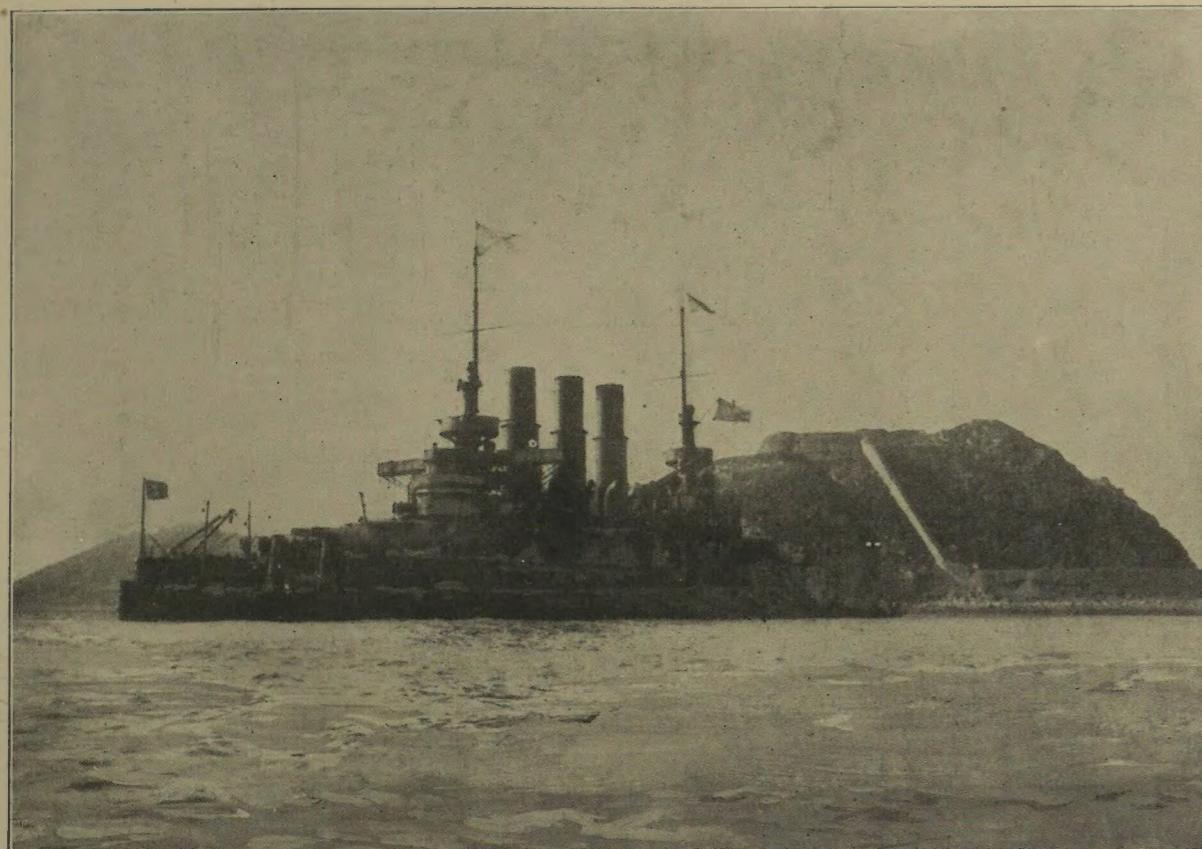
THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN BEING: SCENES AT PORT ARTHUR BETWEEN THE FIRST AND SECOND ENGAGEMENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE PHOTO.-NOUVELLES AGENCY.

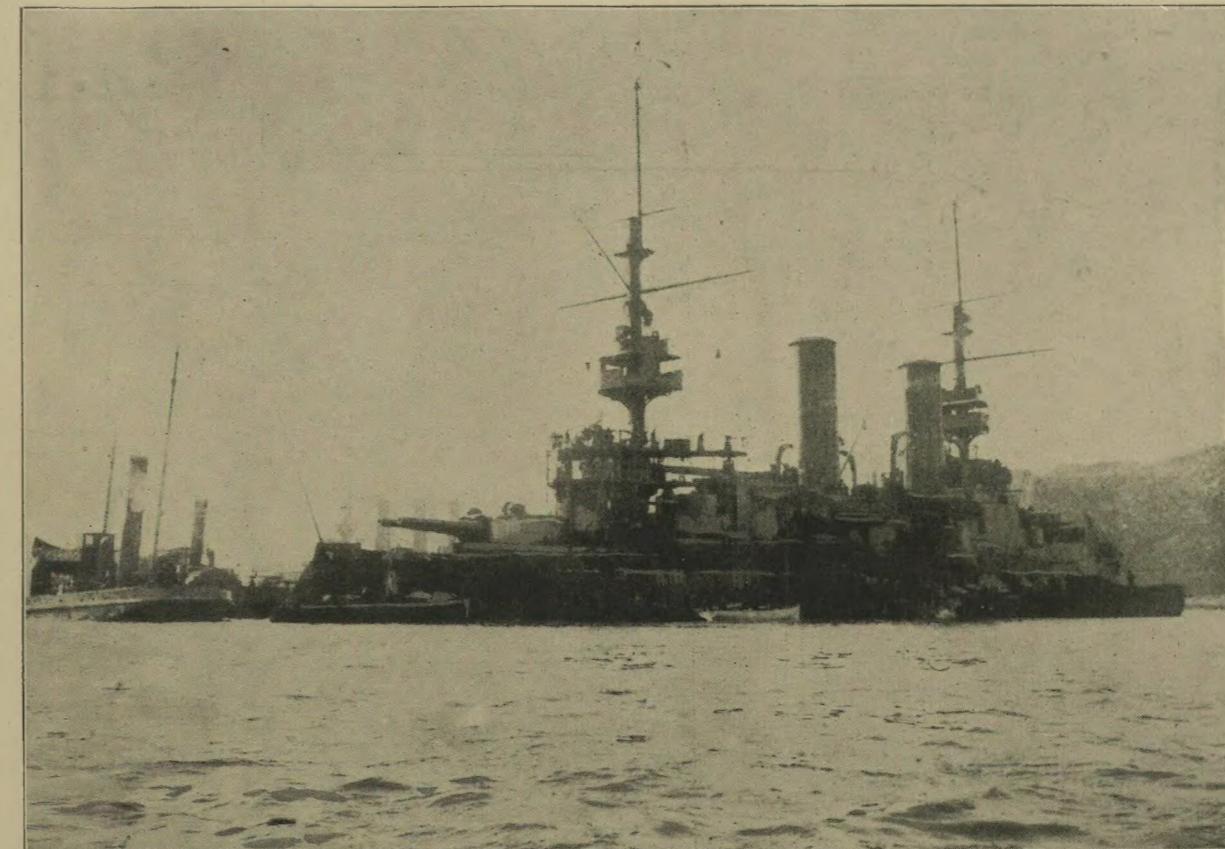


PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET FORMING IN LINE OF BATTLE ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 9, TO REPEL THE JAPANESE ATTACK.

The van is led by the "Novik." On the left appears the entrance to Port Arthur.



TORPEDOED: THE "RETVISAN" THE MORNING AFTER THE TORPEDO ATTACK.



THE "TSAREVITCH" THE MORNING AFTER THE TORPEDO ATTACK.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The Last Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE THURSDAY OF MADAME DE CHANTONNAY.

"It is," Madame de Chantonay had maintained throughout the months of January and February—"it is an affair of the heart."

She continued to hold this opinion, with, however, a shade less conviction, well into a cold March.

"It is an affair of the heart, Abbé," she said. "Allez! I know what I talk of. It is an affair of the heart, and nothing more. There is someone in England—some blonde English girl. They are always washing, I am told. And certainly they have that air; like a garment that has been too often to the blanchisseur and has lost its substance. A beautiful skin, I allow you. But so thin—so thin!"

"The skin, Madame?" inquired the Abbé Touvent with that gentle and cackling humour in which the ordained of any Church may indulge after a good dinner.

The Abbé Touvent had, as a matter of fact, been Madame de Chantonay's most patient listener through the months of suspense that followed Loo Barebone's sudden disappearance. Needless to say, he agreed ardently with whatever explanation she put forward. Old ladies who give good dinners to a Low Church British curate or an Abbé of the Roman confession, or, indeed, to the needy celibate exponents of any creed whatsoever, may always, it seems, count upon the active conversational support of their spiritual adviser. And it is not only within the fold of Papacy that careful Christians find the road to heaven made smooth by the arts of an efficient cook.

"You know well enough what I mean, malicious one," retorted the lady, arranging her shawl upon her fat shoulders.

"I always think," murmured the Abbé, sipping his digestive glass of Eau-de-vie d'Armagnac, which is better than any cognac of Charente—"I always think that to be thin shows a mean mind, lacking generosity."

"Take my word for it," pursued Madame de Chantonay, warming to her subject, "that is the explanation of the young man's disappearance. They say the Government has taken some underhand way of putting him aside. One does not give credence to such rumours in these orderly times. No; it is simply that he prefers the pale eyes of some Mees to glory and France. Has it not happened before, Abbé?"

"Ah! Madame—Another sip of Armagnac."

"And will it not happen again? It is the heart that has the first word and the last. I know. I who address you, I know!"

And she touched her breast where, very deeply seated it is to be presumed, she kept her own heart.

"Ah! Madame. Who better?" murmured the Abbé.

"Na, na!" exclaimed Madame de Chantonay, holding up one hand, heavy with rings, while with the other she gathered her shawl closer about her as if for protection. "Now you tread on dangerous ground, wicked one—wicked! And you so demure in your soutane."

But the Abbé only laughed, and held up his small glass after the manner of any abandoned layman drinking a toast.

"Madame," he said, "I drink to the hearts you have broken. And now I go to arrange the card-tables, for your guests will soon be coming."

It was, in fact, Madame de Chantonay's Thursday evening; to which were bidden such friends as enjoyed for the moment her fickle good graces. The Abbé Touvent was, so to speak, a permanent subscriber to these favours. The task was easy enough, and any endowed with a patience to listen, a readiness to admire that excellent young nobleman Albert de Chantonay, and the credulity necessary to listen to the record (more hinted at than clearly spoken) of Madame's own charms in her youth, could make sure of a game of dominoes on the evening of the third Thursday in the month.

The Abbé bustled about, drawing chairs and tables nearer to the lamps, away from the draught of the door, not too near the open wood fire. His movements were dainty, like those of an old maid of the

last generation. He hissed through his teeth as if he were working very hard. It served to stimulate a healthy excitement in the Thursday evening of Madame de Chantonay.

"Oh, I am not uneasy," said that lady, as she watched him. She had dined well, and her digestion had outlived those charms to which she made such frequent reference. "I am not uneasy. He will return more or less sheepish; he will make some excuse more or less inadequate; he will tell us a story more or less creditable. Allez! Oh, you men! If you intend that chair for Monsieur de Gemosac, it is the wrong one. Monsieur de Gemosac sits high, but his legs are short; give him the little chair that creaks. If he sits too high he is apt to see over the top of one's cards. And he is so eager to win—the good Marquis."

"Then he will come to-night despite the cold? You think he will come, Madame?"

"I am sure of it. He has come more frequently since Juliette came to live at the château. It is Juliette who makes him come, perhaps. Who knows?"

The Abbé stopped midway across the floor and set down the chair he carried with great caution.

"Madame is incorrigible," he said, spreading out his hands. "Madame would perceive a romance in a cradle."

"Well, one must begin somewhere, Materialist. Once it was for me that the guests crowded to my poor

The Marquis de Gemosac and Juliette were the last to arrive. The Marquis looked worn and considerably aged. He excused himself with a hundred gestures of despair for being late.

"I have so much to do," he whispered, "so much to think of. We are leaving no stone unturned, and at last we have a clue."

The other guests gathered round.

"But speak, my dear friend, speak," cried Madame de Chantonay. "You keep us in suspense. Look around you. We are among friends, as you see. It is only ourselves."

"Well," replied the Marquis, standing upright, and fingering the snuff-box which had been given to his grandfather by the great Louis—"well, my friends, our invaluable ally, Dormer Colville, has gone to England. There is a ray of hope. That is all I can tell you."

He looked round, smiled on his audience, and then proceeded to tell them more, after the manner of any Frenchman.

"What," he whispered, "if an unscrupulous Republican Government had got scent of our glorious discovery! What if, panic-stricken, they threw all vestige of honour to the wind, and decided to kidnap an innocent man and send him to the Iceland fisheries, where so many lives are lost every winter; with what hopes in their Republican hearts I leave to your imagination. What if—let us say it for once—Monsieur de Bourbon should prove a match for them. Alert, hardy, full of resource, a skilled sailor, he takes his life in his hand with the daring audacity of royal blood, and effects his escape to England. I tell you nothing—"

He held up his hands as if to stay their clamouring voices and nodded his head triumphantly towards Albert de Chantonay, who stood near a lamp fingering his martial whisker of the left side with the air of one who would pause at naught.

"I tell you nothing. But such a theory has been pieced together upon excellent material. It may be true. It may be a dream. And, as I tell you, our dear friend Dormer Colville, who has nothing at stake, who loses or gains little by the restoration of France, has journeyed to England for us. None could execute the commission so capably or without danger of arousing suspicion. There! I have told you all I know. We must wait, my compatriots. We must wait."

"And in the meantime," purred the voice of the Abbé Touvent, "for the digestion, Monsieur le Marquis, for the digestion."

For it was one of the features of Madame de Chantonay's Thursdays that no servants were allowed in the room; but the guests waited on each other. If the servants, as is to be presumed, listened outside the door, they were particular not to introduce each succeeding guest without first knocking, which caused a momentary silence, and added considerably to the sense of political importance of those assembled. The Abbé Touvent made it his special care to preside over the table where small glasses of Eau-de-vie d'Armagnac and other aids to digestion were set out in a careful profusion.

"It is a theory, my Madame de Chantonay. But it is nothing more. It has no heart in it, your theory. Now I have a theory of my own."

"Full of heart, one may assure oneself, Madame; full of heart," murmured the Marquis. "For you yourself are full of heart—is it not so?"

"I hope not," Juliette whispered to her fan, with a little smile of malicious amusement. For she had a youthful contempt for persons old and stout who talk ignorantly of matters only understood by such as are young and slim and pretty. She looked at her fan with a gleam of ill-concealed irony, and glanced over it towards Albert de Chantonay, who, with a consideration which must have been hereditary, was uneasy about the alteration he had made in his whiskers. It was perhaps unfair, he felt, to harrow young and tender hearts.

It was at this moment that a loud knock commanded a breathless silence, for no more guests were expected. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood was present.



"And now I go to arrange the card-tables."

Thursdays. But now it is because Albert is near. Ah! I know it. I say it without jealousy. Have you noticed, my dear Abbé, that he has cut his whiskers a little shorter—a shade nearer to the ear. It is effective, eh?"

"It gives an air of hardness," assented the Abbé. "It lends to that intellectual face something martial. I would almost say that to the timorous it might appear terrible and overbearing."

Thus they talked until the guests began to arrive, and for Madame de Chantonay the time, no doubt, seemed short enough. For no one appreciated Albert with such a delicacy of touch as the Abbé Touvent.

The servant in his faded gold lace came in and announced with a dramatic assurance—
“ Monsieur de Borbone—Monsieur Colville.”

And that difference which Dormer Colville had predicted was manifested with an astounding promptness—for all who were seated rose to their feet. It was Colville who had given the names to the servant in the order in which they had been announced; and at the last minute, on the threshold, he had stepped on one side, and with his hand on Barebone's shoulder had forced him to take precedence.

The first person Barebone saw on entering the room was Juliette, standing under the spreading arms of a chandelier, half turned to look at him—Juliette in all the freshness of her girlhood and her first evening dress, flushing pink and white like a wild rose, her eyes, bright with a sudden excitement, seeking his.

Behind her, the Marquis de Gemosac, Albert de Chantonnay, his mother, and all the Royalists of the province gathered in a semicircle by accident or some tacit instinct, leaving only the girl standing out in front,

CHAPTER XXXII.

PRIMROSES.

“ If I go on, I go alone,” Barebone had once said to Dormer Colville. The words, spoken in the heat of a quarrel, stuck in the memory of both, as such are wont to do. Perhaps in moments of anger or disillusionment—when we find that neither self nor friend is what we thought—the heart tears itself away from the grip of the cooler, calmer brain, and speaks untrammelled. And such speeches are apt to linger in the mind long after the most brilliant *jeu d'esprit* has been forgotten.

What occupies the thoughts of the old man sitting out the grey remainder of the day over the embers of a hearth which he will only quit when he quits the world? Does he remember the brilliant sallies of wit, the greatest triumphs of the noblest minds with which he has consorted; or does his memory cling to some scene, simple, pastoral, without incident, which passed before his eyes at a moment when his heart was sore or glad? When

deception after all, which is very doubtful.” “ The best patriot is he who is ready to save his country at the cost of his own ease, whether of body or of mind.” “ It does not matter who or what you are; it is what or who the world thinks you to be that is of importance.”

Which of us has not listened to a score of such arguments, not always from the lips of a friend, but most often in that still small voice which rarely has the courage to stand out against the tendency of the age? There is nothing so contagious as laxity of conscience.

Barebone listened to the good-natured, sympathetic voice with a make-believe conviction which was part of his readiness to put off an evil moment. Colville was a difficult man to quarrel with. It seemed bearish and ill-natured to take amiss any word or action which could only be the outcome of a singularly tender consideration for the feelings of others.

But when they entered Madame de Chantonnay's drawing-room—when Dormer Colville, impelled by some



“ Monsieur de Borbone—Monsieur Colville.”

beneath the chandelier. They bowed with that grave, self-possession which falls like a cloak over the shoulders of such as are of ancient and historic lineage.

“ We reached the château of Gemosac only a few minutes after Monsieur le Marquis and Mademoiselle had quitted it to come here,” Barebone explained to Madame de Chantonnay, “ and trusting to the good nature—so widely famed—of Madame la Comtesse, we hurriedly removed the dust of travel and took the liberty of following them hither.”

“ You have not taken me by surprise,” replied Madame de Chantonnay; “ I expected you. Ask the Abbé Touvent. He will tell you, gentlemen, that I expected you.”

As Barebone turned away to speak to the Marquis and others who were pressing forward to greet him, it became apparent that that mantle of imperturbability which millions made in trade can never buy had fallen upon his shoulders too. For most men are in the end forced to play the part the world assigns to them. We are not allowed to remain what we know ourselves to be, but must at last be that which the world thinks us.

Madame de Chantonnay, murmuring to a neighbour a mystic reference to her heart and its voluminous premonitions, watched him depart with a vague surprise.

“ *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*” she whispered breathlessly. “ It is not a resemblance. It is the dead come to life again.”

his mind is resting from its labours and the sound of the grinding is low, he will scarce remember the neat saying or the lofty thought clothed in perfect language; but he will never forget a hasty word spoken in an unguarded moment by one who was not clever at all nor even possessed the worldly wisdom to shield the heart behind the buckler of the brain.

“ You will find things changed,” Colville had said as they walked across the marsh from Farlingford towards the Ipswich road. And the words came back to the minds of both on that Thursday of Madame de Chantonnay, which many remember to this day. Not only did they find things changed, but themselves they found no longer the same. Both remembered the quarrel and the outcome of it.

Colville, ever tolerant, always leaning towards the compromise that eases a doubting conscience, had, it would almost seem unconsciously, prepared the way for a reconciliation before there was any question of a difference. On their way back to France, without directly referring to that fatal portrait and the revelation caused by Barebone's unaccountable feat of memory, he had smoothed away any possible scruple.

“ France must always be deceived,” he had said a hundred times. “ Better that she should be deceived for an honest than a dishonest purpose—if it is

instinct of the fitness of things, stepped aside and motioned to his companion to pass in first—the secret they had in common yawned suddenly like a gulf between them. For the possession of a secret either estranges or draws together. More commonly it estranges. For which of us is careful of a secret that redounds to our credit? Nearly every secret is a hidden disgrace; and such a possession, held in common with another, is not likely to ensure affection.

Colville lingered on the threshold, watching Loo make the first steps of that progress which must henceforth be pursued alone. He looked round for a friendly face, but no one had eyes for him. They were all looking at Loo Barebone. Colville sought Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, usually in full evidence even in a room full of beautiful women and distinguished men. But she was not there. For a minute or two no one noticed him; and then Albert de Chantonnay, remembering his rôle, came forward to greet the Englishman.

“ It was,” explained Colville in a lowered voice, “ as we thought. An attempt was made to get him out of the way, but he effected his escape. He knew, however, the danger of attempting to communicate with any of us by post, and was awaiting some opportunity of transmitting a letter by a safe hand when I discovered his hiding-place.”

And this was the story that went half round France from lip to lip among those who were faithful to the traditions of a glorious past.

"Madame St. Pierre Lawrence," Albert de Chantonnay told Colville in reply, "is not here to-night. She is, however, at her villa at Royan. She has not perhaps displayed such interest in our meetings as she did before you departed on your long journey through France. But her generosity is unchanged. The money, which in the hurry of the moment you did not withdraw from her bank—"

"I doubt whether it was ever there," interrupted Dormer Colville.

"—She informs me," concluded Albert, "is still at our service. We have many other promises which must now be recalled to the minds of those who made them. But from no one have we received such generous support as from your kinswoman."

They were standing apart, and in a few minutes the Marquis de Gemosac joined them.

"How daring, how audacious," he whispered, "and yet how opportune—this return! It is all to be recommenced, my friends, with a firmer grasp, a new courage."

"But my task is accomplished," returned Colville. "You have no further use for a mere Englishman like myself. I was fortunate in being able to lend some slight assistance in the original discovery of our friend; I have again been lucky enough to restore him to you; and now, with your permission, I will return to Royan, where I have my little apartment, as you know."

He looked from one to the other with his melancholy and self-deprecating smile.

"Voilà," he added. "It remains for me to pay my respects to Madame de Chantonnay. We have travelled far, and I am tired. I shall ask her to excuse me."

"And Monsieur de Bourbon comes to Gemosac. That is understood. He will be safe there. His apartments have been in readiness for him these last two months. Hidden there or in other dwellings grander, and better served, perhaps, than my poor ruin, but no safer, he can continue the great work he began so well. As for you, my dear Colville," continued the Marquis, taking the Englishman's two hands in his, "I envy you from the bottom of my heart. It is not given to many to serve France as you have served her—to serve a King as you have served one. It will be my business to see that both remember you. For France, I allow, sometimes forgets. Go to Royan—since you wish, but it is only for a time. You will be called to Paris some day, that I promise you."

The Marquis would have embraced him then and there, had the cool-blooded Englishman shown the smallest desire for that honour. But Dormer Colville's sad and doubting smile held at arm's length one who was always at the mercy of his own eloquence.

The card-tables had lost their attraction, and although many parties were formed, and the cards were dealt, the players fell to talking across the ungathered tricks, and even the Abbé Touvent was caught tripping in the matter of a point.

"Never," exclaimed Madame de Chantonnay, as her guests took leave at their wonted hour, and some of them even later—"never have I had a Thursday so dull and yet so full of incident!"

"And never, Madame," replied the Marquis, still on tip-toe as it were with delight and excitement, "shall we see another like it!"

Loo went back to Gemosac with the fluttering old man and Juliette. Juliette, indeed, was in no flutter, but had carried herself through the excitement of her first evening party with a demure little air of self-possession which almost seemed to suggest that worldly wisdom may find its way through the grated windows of a convent-school and send the pupils forth into the world fully equipped to hold their own there.

She had scarce spoken to Loo during the evening. Indeed, it had been his duty to attend on Madame de Chantonnay and on the older members of these quiet Royalist families biding their time in the remote country villages of Guenne and the Vendée.

On the journey home the Marquis had so much to tell his companion, and told it so hurriedly, that his was the only voice heard above the rattle of the heavy old-fashioned carriage. But Barebone was aware of Juliette's presence in a dark corner of the roomy vehicle, and his eyes, seeking to penetrate the gloom, could just distinguish hers, which seemed to be turned in his direction.

Many changes had been effected at the château, and a suite of rooms had been prepared for Barebone in the detached building known as the Italian House, which stands in the midst of the garden within the enceinte of the château walls.

"I have been able," explained the Marquis frankly, "to obtain a small advance on the results of last autumn's vintage. My notary in the village found, indeed, that facilities were greater than he had anticipated. With this sum I have been enabled to effect some necessary repairs to the buildings and the internal decorations. I had fallen behind the times, perhaps. But now that Juliette is installed as châtelaine, many changes have been made. You will see, my dear friend, you will see for yourself. Yes, for the moment

board, had been added to the family. She contributed a silent and mysterious presence, some worldly wisdom, and a profound respect for her noble kinsman.

"She is quite harmless," Juliette explained gaily to Barebone, on the first occasion when they were alone together. This did not present itself until Loo had been quartered in the Italian House for some days with his own servant. Although he took luncheon and dinner with the family in the old building near to the gatehouse, and, indeed, spent his evenings in Juliette's drawing-room, the Marquis or Madame Maugiron was always present, and as often as not they played a game of chess together.

"She is quite harmless," said Juliette, tying with a thread the primroses she had been picking in that shady corner of the garden which lay at the other side of the Italian House. The windows of Barebone's apartment, by the way, looked down upon this garden, and he, having perceived her, had not wasted time in joining her in the morning sunshine.

"I wonder if I shall be as harmless when I am her age."

And, indeed, danger lurked beneath her lashes as she glanced at him, asking this question with her lips and a hundred others with her eyes, with her gay air of youth and happiness, with her very attitude of coquetry as she stood in the spring sunshine with the scent of the primroses about her.

"I think that any who approaches you will always do so at his peril, Mademoiselle."

"Then why do it?" she asked, drawing back and busying herself with the flowers which she laid against her breast, as if to judge the effect of their colour against the delicate white of her dress. "Why run into danger? Why come downstairs at all?"

"Why breathe?" he retorted, with a laugh. "Why eat or drink or sleep? Why live? *Mon Dieu!* because there is no choice. And when I see you in the garden there is no choice for me, Mademoiselle. I must come down and run into danger because I cannot help it any more than I can help—"

"But you need not stay," she interrupted cleverly. "A brave man may always retire from danger into safety."

"But he may not always want to, Mademoiselle."

"Ah!"

And with a shrug of the shoulders she inserted the primroses within a very small waistband and turned away.

"Will you give me those primroses, Mademoiselle?" asked Loo, without moving; for although she had turned to go, she had not gone.

She turned on her heel, and looked at him with demure surprise, and then bent her head to look at the flowers at her own waist.

"They are mine," she answered, standing in that pretty attitude, her hair half concealing her face. "I picked them myself."

"Two reasons why I want them."

"Ah! but," she said with a suggestion of thoughtfulness, "one does not always get what one wants. You ask a great deal, Monsieur."

"There is no limit to what I would ask, Mademoiselle."

She laughed gaily.

"If . . . ?" she inquired, with raised eyebrows.

"If I dared."

Again she looked at him with that little air of surprise.

"But I thought you were so brave," she said; "so reckless of danger! A brave man assuredly does not ask. He takes that which he would have."

It happened that she had clasped her hands behind her back, leaving the primroses at her waist uncovered and half falling from the ribbon.

In a moment he had reached out his hand and taken them. She leapt back as if she feared that he might take more, and ran back towards the house, placing a rough tangle of briar already coming into bloom between herself and this robber. Her laughing face looked at him between the roses.

"You have your primroses," she said, "but I did not give them to you. You want too much, I think."

"I want what that ribbon binds," he answered. But she turned away and ran towards the house without waiting to hear.

(To be continued.)

Her laughing face looked at him between the roses.

I am no longer a pauper. As you yourself will have noticed in your journey through the West, rural France is enjoying a sudden return of prosperity. It is unaccountable. No one can make me believe that it is to be ascribed to this scandalous Government under which we agonise. But there it is—and we must thank Heaven for it."

Which was only the truth. For France was at this time entering upon a period of plenty. The air was full of rumours of new railways, new roads, and new commercial enterprise. Banks were being opened in the provincial towns, and loans made on easy terms to agriculturists for the improvement of their land.

Barebone found that there were indeed changes in the old château. The apartments above that which had once been the stabling, hitherto occupied by the Marquis, had been added to, and a slight attempt at redecoration had been made. There was no lack of rooms, and Juliette now had her own suite, while the Marquis lived as before in three small apartments over the rooms occupied by Marie and her husband.

An elderly relation, one of those old ladies habited in black who are ready to efface themselves all day and occupy a garret all night in return for bed and



THE DEFENCE OF ISOLATED POSTS IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. M. L. VAUDIN.



A RUSSIAN GUARD POSTED AT A MANCHURIAN FARMHOUSE.

RUSSIAN PRISONERS OF WAR; AND TRANSPORT OF JAPANESE WOUNDED.



SURVIVORS OF THE FIGHT AT CHEMULPO: RUSSIAN NAVAL PRISONERS ON PAROLE AT THE CONSULATE OF SHANGHAI.
PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS BUREAU.



THE JAPANESE RED CROSS: TRANSPORT OF THE WOUNDED IN THE FAR EAST.

A REVIEWER'S MISCELLANY.

Real Conversations. By William Archer. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Between the Acts. By Henry W. Nevinson. (London: John Murray. 9s.)
The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By Thomas Wright. Two vols. (London: Grant Richards. 24s. net.)
The Mother of Washington, and Her Time. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. (New York and London: Macmillan. 10s. Cd.)
Ireland at the Cross Roads: An Essay in Explanation. By Filson Young. (London: Grant Richards. 5s.)
The Worship of the Dead. By Colonel Garnier, R.E. (London: Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.)
The Arcadian Calendar. By E. D. Cuming and J. A. Shepherd. (London: George Newnes. 6s.)

With no desire to emulate the extreme conscientiousness of the critic who, having read Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Poems," and found it rather good, decided not to be taken in, and made a point of getting up to re-read it on a wet morning before breakfast, to conclude that it was worth very little—it is impossible not to feel that the enjoyment of Mr. Archer's book will be measured, as every book is measured more or less, by the mood of the reader. It is emphatically not a work for all seasons, as it is emphatically not a work that will commend itself to all people. Naturally enough, the themes discussed, whether they be with Pinero, Sidney Lee, "John Oliver Hobbes," Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Professor Masson, or "Lucas Malet," to name seven of Mr. Archer's "subjects," appeal in the first instance to the theatrically inclined, then to those interested in literary questions. It is safe to prophesy that to others they will be a source of boredom. Through the medium of an imaginary conversation with the "Courteous Reader," Mr. Archer has, wisely perhaps, sought to forestall criticism by explaining away certain obvious objections to the method he introduces. Thus he disposes of the supposed accusation that he is endeavouring to disguise "the vulgarest of newspaper devices, the Interview, by simply re-christening it" by the argument that the Interview differs from the Conversation inasmuch as "no discussion, no colloquial give-and-take, is ever attempted" in the former; thus he explains that he does not present verbatim reports, but faithful reproductions, and avers "with some confidence" that though he may here and there have unwittingly imposed his own vocabulary and forms of speech upon his interlocutor, he has in all cases "faithfully represented his (or her) attitude of mind." He has, however, for the evident reason that it never suggested itself to him, refrained from excusing the air of artificiality that of necessity pervades the language of two people each talking with an eye upon a visionary proof. In the Imaginary Conversation already referred to, he confesses "the topics did not always present themselves in precisely the order in which they now appear. The transitions were not always exactly as they are here represented." This is easy of credence. In almost every instance, both "subject" and interviewer, conscious that they are conversing to order, cannot refrain from mimicking the methods of the dramatist as shown by his characters, from talking with too obvious a desire for effect, with too studied an appreciation of epigram, with too apparent a seeking after a neatly turned phrase. On the whole, "Real Conversations" resembles nothing so much as the "real water" that is so potent a factor of melodrama—it flows as evenly, it is as real, and as unrealistic.

Turning the pages of Mr. Nevinson's volume, the reader will see at once that it is a collection of short stories, interspersed with verse; and if he be a practised dipper into the multitudinous books of this sort that issue from the libraries, he will wonder with a sigh whether this is like the rest of them. It is not in the least like the rest of them. He will be sure of that in about two minutes. Both the fiction and the verse are of uncommon quality. Mr. Nevinson is an essayist and a poet; the kind of storyteller who takes hold of real human relations, and holds them in artistic grip; a journalist who discomfits totally Stevenson's doctrine that you cannot attain to literature by way of journalism. Everybody who has a turn for writing has written about his schooldays, and the eccentric members of his family. These classic themes are so threadbare now that discerning editors have a knack of returning such reminiscences with regrets which are masterpieces of polite evasion. Probably they tell the unlucky scribe that schooldays ended for all literary purposes in "David Copperfield," and that eccentric relations declined in public favour after Maggie Tulliver's aunts. And yet in "A London Merchant" Mr. Nevinson describes his grandfather's quaint household, and in "Sabrina Fair" he describes his old school; and he does both with a freshness and felicity, and a beautiful ease of style, which turn these desert subjects into smiling gardens. Mr. Nevinson's school was at Shrewsbury, and every reader who knows the Severn will feel his pulse beating a little quicker at such a passage as this: "Other rivers may be called majestic, and we talk of Father Tiber or Father Thames; but no one ever called the Severn father or praised her but for her grace; for she is like the body and soul of a princess straight from a western fairyland—so wild and pliant, so full of laughter and of mystery, so uncertain in her gay and sorrowing moods. On my word, though the science of education must be a very splendid thing, untaught, untrained, uninstructed as we Shrewsbury boys would now be considered, I would not change places with the most scientifically educated man in England who had never known a river such as that." From Shrewsbury Mr. Nevinson passes to Oxford, and the first of his stories, "A Don's Day," recounts the spiritual troubles of the lecturer who, after ten years' reading for holy orders, still oscillates between a "larky" necktie and a gold chain on his waistcoat, with a cross hanging in the middle. He is scared when a scholar asks, "Don't you find, Sir, that the women and girls are the most interesting parts of the *Odyssey*?" And yet the Don's story is not humorous, save in the sense that all fixed ideas savour of humour until they plunge us into tragedy. Mr. Nevinson's experiences

of war make some of his best pages, notably the exquisite sketch called "Of Your Charity," wherein he holds converse with the spirits of some who gave up their lives in South Africa. As for his verse, it is full of thought and pleasant harmonies; and the whole book is a book to possess and linger over.

Mr. Thomas Wright is a fortunate man. He has totally confounded the rather general assumption that the personal career of Edward FitzGerald was of scanty interest, and that, apart from his Letters, there is little or no biographical material. There is, on the contrary, an amazing quantity. Mr. Wright's volumes are full of new matter, which he has handled with much adroitness and discretion. He gives us an admirable sketch of FitzGerald's early home life; of his father and mother, who were guardians of Naseby battlefield, and erected the memorial obelisk which enraged Carlyle; of his relations with Carlyle, Thackeray, Spedding, Tennyson, Kenworthy Browne, the Crabbes, the Bartons, and Professor Cowell; and of all the circumstances that attended his unfortunate marriage. We have a clear vision of the man himself, with his characteristic commentary on persons and events deftly woven into the narrative. FitzGerald stands before us a much more human figure than we knew before. He was capable of strong attachments, and yet preserved a very independent view of his friends. He drew their characters in vignette, notably Thackeray's and Tennyson's. The poet's resolution is contrasted with the novelist's "despairing mind." The friendship both of Thackeray and FitzGerald for Kenworthy Browne is one of Mr. Wright's discoveries. Browne was much in Thackeray's mind when he drew Arthur Pendennis, and in Pendennis's guide and philosopher, George Warrington, there is a good deal of E. F. G. There is a delightful letter from Thackeray, written from Brighton, and beginning, "My dear old Cupid." FitzGerald's mother was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She was at Brighton when Thackeray apostrophised her son, "Come, Eros! come, boy-god of the twanging bow! Is not Venus thy mother here? Thou shalt ride in her chariot, and by thy side shall be, if not Mars, at least Titmars. How these men of letters dash off these things! *C'est étonnant, ma parole d'honneur, c'est étonnant!*" It was Professor Cowell who gave FitzGerald the passport to Persian literature, and set him to the study of *Omar Khayyām*. Very entertaining is Mr. Wright's account of their diverse views as to the real meaning of Omar's famous quatrains. FitzGerald took them as an expression of Agnosticism. The Sanskrit Professor found them deeply religious. When Omar extolled drunkenness, Professor Cowell regarded this as an allegory of "divine love." FitzGerald's masterpiece was a free adaptation of the original, and Mr. Wright notes with glee that in his ecstasy over a book of verses, "a loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," Omar included "a thigh-bone of mutton," which his adapter discreetly left out. Mr. Wright has performed his task with thorough competence, and the whole book is a worthy tribute to one of the most singular personalities in our literature.

Mary Washington must always take a high place among the mothers of great men, not only because she gave George Washington birth, but also because she deliberately formed his mind and character. She was one of the women who have made history, so to speak, by deputy. No one with any imagination can read unmoved the story of how George Washington, appointed a midshipman in the British Navy, and burning to go to sea with all the ardour of his fourteen years, yet gave it up at the last moment in obedience to his mother's command, though his chest had already been put on board the King's ship riding at anchor in the Potomac. Unfortunately, but little is certainly known of Madam Washington and her early married life in particular, though there is no lack of tradition and conjecture. Nevertheless, Mrs. Pryor has woven together a most entertaining book, full of vivid pictures of old Virginia and its social manners and customs. For instance, in that large, hospitable, yet in many respects primitive society, widows ordinarily waited but two months before marrying again. Mary Washington was a striking exception. Mrs. Pryor is indignant at the extraordinary legends which have grown up round her heroine. She was not reared in indigence, but came of well-to-do if not wealthy stock; she was in no sense commonplace, uncultured, or undignified; above all, she was not neglected in her declining years, but was treated with honour and reverence by her noble son. Dr. Beale, an antiquary of Virginia, seems to have proved that Madam Washington cannot possibly have been the Mary Ball revealed to us by a bundle of old letters which a Union soldier discovered in an abandoned house at Yorktown at the close of the Civil War. We have to give up "Madam Ball of Lancaster and her sweet Molly," the latter being "very Sensable, Modest, and Loving," with "Hair like unto Flax" and "Cheeks like May blossoms." Inexorable dates forbid. Mary Ball's mother was Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Ball, and Mrs. Hewes successively; and in her will, which Dr. Beale has found, she leaves to Mary one young likely negro woman, as well as money, horses, and good store of household gear. All this and much more is racy told by Mrs. Pryor, who has also enriched a most readable book with some sixty illustrations of people and places connected more or less intimately with her subject.

It can hardly be expected that Mr. Filson Young would do very much in one hundred and eighty pages to explain a problem that has baffled our statesmen for eight centuries, but he has written a really brilliant little book which may have permanent value. His essay has the faults of the impressionist method: he omits countless facts which should have their place in the picture, but he arrests the attention. He knows both England and Ireland, and that is a rarer qualification than might be supposed in political essayists. He describes, in turn,

"the settlers" who have made Ulster prosperous, the peasants of the provinces which are not prospering, the social life of the descendants of Lever's rollicking favourites, and the growth of the new industrial movement. On all these matters he is worth hearing, although, like most newspaper correspondents, he judges the happiness of the Irish peasant too much by the material standard of the English artisan. It is a fact which no Englishman will believe, but really the Irish Celts care very little what they eat, and fewer of them are in abject destitution than the reader of this book might suppose. The matter upon which the book really revolves, however, is the character of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. This is not the place for the discussion of such a matter, but we may say briefly that Mr. Young, while recognising the sincerity of the peasants' faith, considers the Roman Church an anti-national force which has hypnotised the people, paralyses enterprise, and maintains a double leak by driving the active to emigration and the weaklings to lunacy. Incidentally he exaggerates the morality of the people. Ireland has a far better record than either England or Scotland, but it is not as immaculate as Mr. Young supposes. "Ireland at the Cross Roads" is certainly a book to read.

In a long and carefully written volume entitled "The Worship of the Dead," Colonel Garnier advances some extraordinary theories about the origin of Paganism. His views are quite opposed to the more modern theories of life and faith set out in books that have attained to popularity among cultured readers; yet if it is impossible to take Colonel Garnier's conclusions quite seriously, it is equally impossible to withhold admiration from the staunch and rigid faith upon which they rest. The author believes that Cush and his son Nimrod, author of "The Wisdom of the Chaldeans," were the founders of Paganism, that Nimrod is Osiris, Bacchus, Siva, Tammuz, and last but not least, Kush Buddha. He points out that the Buddha, although the chief god of the yellow race, is presented in the oldest figures extant as a black man, with woolly hair and negro features, and holds that he was an Ethiopian, none other than Hermes, or Belus, or Kush. He claims the ancient Irish for Buddhists! Equally astonishing is the suggestion that the blackness of the Ethiopian is due to the Divine wrath excited against Ethiopia because its people had intermarried with the fallen angels referred to in the sixth chapter of Genesis. Colonel Garnier does not stop here. He suggests that the faint, indefinite experience of a spirit world claimed by clairvoyants and mediums is a gift left to humanity through its early intercourse with the "Sons of God," and that the Tower of Babel was built to facilitate intercourse with them! He acknowledges the Sun Myth that made Dec. 25, the "Natalis invicti Solis" of old Rome, birthday of all the Sun Gods, but does not follow this myth beyond the realms of Paganism. Pointing out that Manetho's dynasties give a reign of extraordinary length to Hephæstos (Chrysor), he remarks gravely that "these 724 years might perfectly accord with the lifetime of an antediluvian." He accepts Sanchoniathon's history as a genuine work, and scouts the suggestion that it is a forgery by Byblius, the pagan writer who lived some eighteen hundred years ago. On the other hand, he rejects Sir Gardner Wilkinson's theories of Egyptian religion, and dismisses the evidences of geology with regard to the age of the earth, holding that the Glacial period followed the Flood, which had prepared the earth for it by reducing the natural heat of this planet. He holds that the antiquity of their race being a point of honour with the Egyptians, they deliberately lengthened the reigns of their rulers in the records. We cannot follow Colonel Garnier further. His book is well written, though in his anxiety to drive a point home he frequently repeats himself; and from time to time he casts doubt upon the bona fides of writers whose theories, if well founded, must be fatal to his own. Unfortunately, if we are to accept the author, we must reject Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, and all they stand for. The author's respect for tradition and authority is that of a good soldier, but it is not founded on discipline, nor science. He would not question the orders of his superior officer; and in his spiritual life the Old and New Testament are his superior officers. He stands up for their literal interpretation very gallantly in the face of the overwhelming odds science has brought against him; and we would wish to acknowledge the heavy labour the defence has entailed, and the very interesting material he has used for it. But the evolutionist will not be denied, even if Colonel Garnier will have none of him.

"The Arcadian Calendar," anyone can see at a glance, is a happy idea very happily worked out; but we must make more than a casual acquaintanceship with it to know how really excellent it is. We cannot decide in our own minds to whom the highest praise is due: the writer of the letterpress for so compact a budget of natural history lore, Mr. Shepherd for drawings in which humorous invention never flags, or the publishers, who have had these drawings so well reproduced and the whole book so daintily got up. The range of the information contained in Mr. Cuming's pages is wonderful, and if here and there its statement is somewhat general, and without recondite reservations, that is only what one expects in view of the lightness of touch required in text that is to be illustrated by Mr. Shepherd. Not that the artist is exacting. He is able, one sees, to give a humorous and characteristic interpretation of the most ordinary statement. What could be better, for example, than his gull with an interest in agriculture, or the baly cod left to make their own way in the world, or the flies who sit up a little longer? As for the drawings in which he permits his own fancy freer flight, it is impossible to speak of them in detail; but we may mention "the sorely tried friend of our childhood," in order to draw attention to the excellent colour-plates among the illustrations. Not for long have we derived so much pleasure from a book as from this delightful "Arcadian Calendar," and we may add that, having tried it upon our young people, we can speak for their hearty appreciation also.

WAR-INCIDENTS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY: ARMED CHINA AND FUGITIVE RUSSIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY LIEUTENANT RUNDLE, WHO TRAVELED TO EUROPE IN THE LAST PASSENGER-TRAIN RUN AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.



THE ARRIVAL OF A REFUGEE TRAIN AT HARBIN.

Great crowds awaited the arrival of the express and refugee trains from Port Arthur and Dalny. On the platform some Russian-drilled Chinese troops were drawn up, and on the men's faces was a look of contempt at the sight of the fleeing Russians.—[NOTE BY LIEUTENANT RUNDLE.]

JAPANESE PATRIOTISM IN AMERICA: VOLUNTEERS RETURNING HOME FOR ACTIVE SERVICE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



JAPANESE VOLUNTEERS LEAVING SAN FRANCISCO TO JOIN THE ARMY.

Throughout the United States of America, and particularly in California, there are many Japanese settlers, mostly of the poorer class. These are employed as laundrymen, masons, coolies, and domestic servants. On the outbreak of war between Russia and Japan, large numbers of these volunteered for service, and left San Francisco on board the steam-ship "China."

WAR INCIDENTS ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY: AN ALTERCATION BETWEEN RESERVISTS.

DRAWN BY R. CALON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY LIEUTENANT RUNDLE, WHO TRAVELED TO EUROPE IN THE LAST PASSENGER-TRAIN RUN AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES.



TEMPORARILY OUT OF HAND: A BREACH OF DISCIPLINE BY RUSSIAN RESERVISTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

As Lieutenant Rundle passed through one of the railway stations he witnessed the incident above depicted. A party of Russian Reservists, on their way from a small Siberian town, had got out of hand, and were using violence towards an unpopular officer.

THE JAPANESE SOLDIER'S LIFE: OUR ARTIST'S VISIT TO A BARRACKS AT TOKIO.

SKETCHES (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



DINNER-TIME.



THE COLONEL AND HIS ADJUTANT.

MR. MELTON PRIOR writes: "The soldier's dinner is a very simple matter. Each man's ration is about 1 lb. of rice, packed into a little wooden box, and a plate of pickles of lotus and other favourite roots. About fifty dinners are placed on wooden trays in the kitchen, and are then carried into the barracks. The boxes and plates are placed regularly and carefully on the mess-room table, and at a given signal the men fall to. In four or five minutes the meal is finished. I did not see any glasses or water on the table. The Colonel of the 1st Regiment of the First Division kindly allowed me to make a note of his office while he was receiving reports from his adjutant and giving instructions. The room was very plain, with wooden walls and floor. The only means of comfort I noticed was a brasier raised on a stool."



JAPANESE DRILL: PLATOON EXERCISE IN THE BARRACK-YARD.

MR. MELTON PRIOR writes: "The men are taught to fire in all kinds of attitudes. In the case of the squads which I have sketched firing from the kneeling position, each sergeant seemed to have about six men under him for individual instruction. The dress is rather in the French style, but the drill follows the German method."

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST IN CLUB AND BARRACKS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES J. HARE, AND SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FAR EAST.



Mr. Melton Prior.

JAPANESE COURTESY TO JOURNALISTS: THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS ENTERTAINED AT THE NOBLES' CLUB, TOKIO.

During the detention of the foreign correspondents at Tokio they were treated with the greatest courtesy by the Japanese officials. This photograph was taken at a luncheon given to the correspondents by Lieutenant-General Baron Kodama, Vice-Chief of the General Staff.



JAPANESE RECRUIT DRILL: AN EXAGGERATION OF THE GOOSE-STEP.

MR. MELTON PRIOR WRITES: "For this peculiar drill the men are grouped in classes of fourteen or sixteen. They carry knapsack and rifle, and are ranged in square formation. In marching they raise the leg as high as possible and then bring the foot violently to the ground. At each corner they swing as on a pivot. Drill lasts for six hours a day."



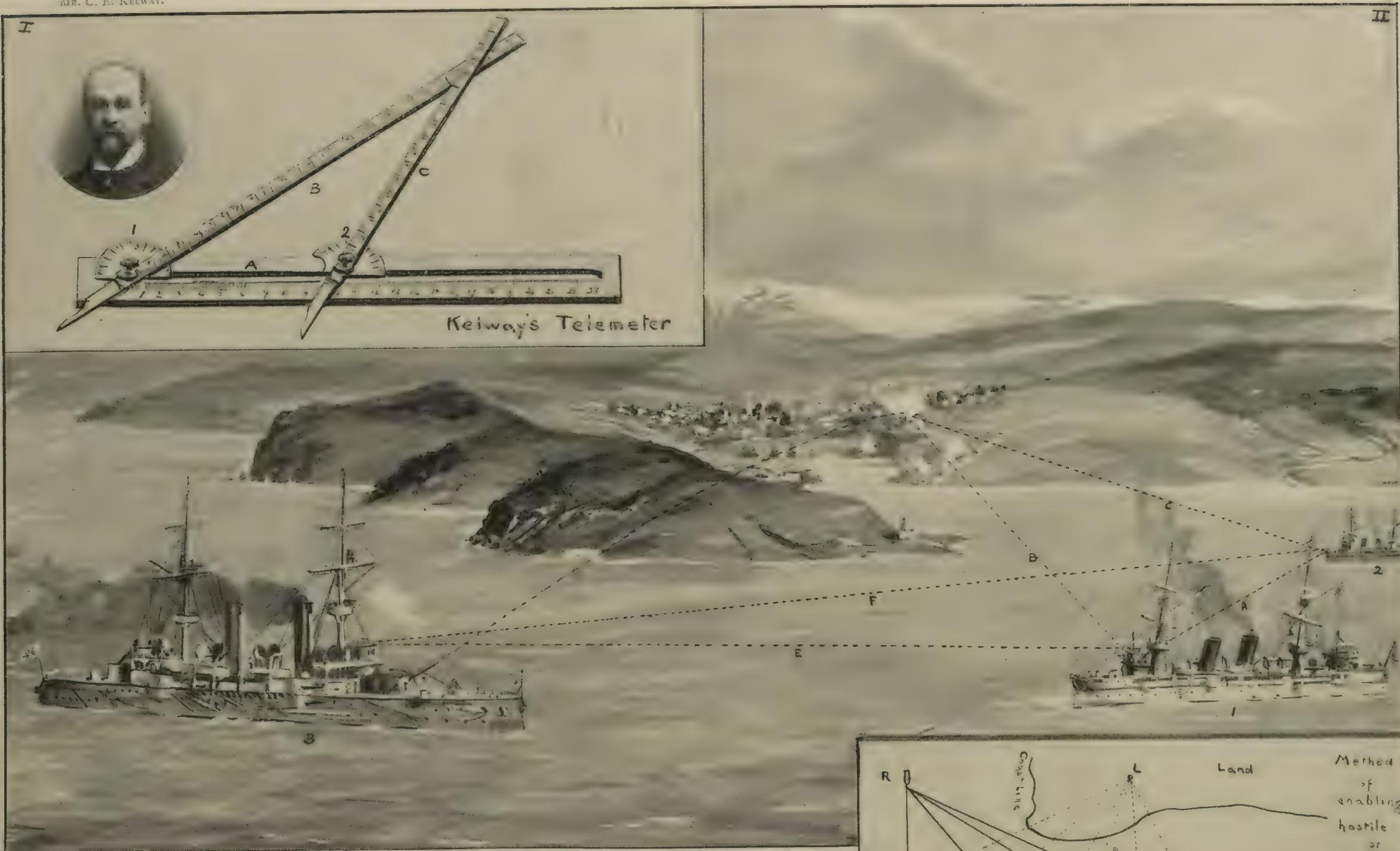
"DETAILS GUARDING THE LINE": RUSSIAN VIGILANCE ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KORKORK.

FIRING AT UNSEEN OBJECTS: A METHOD KNOWN TO THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR.

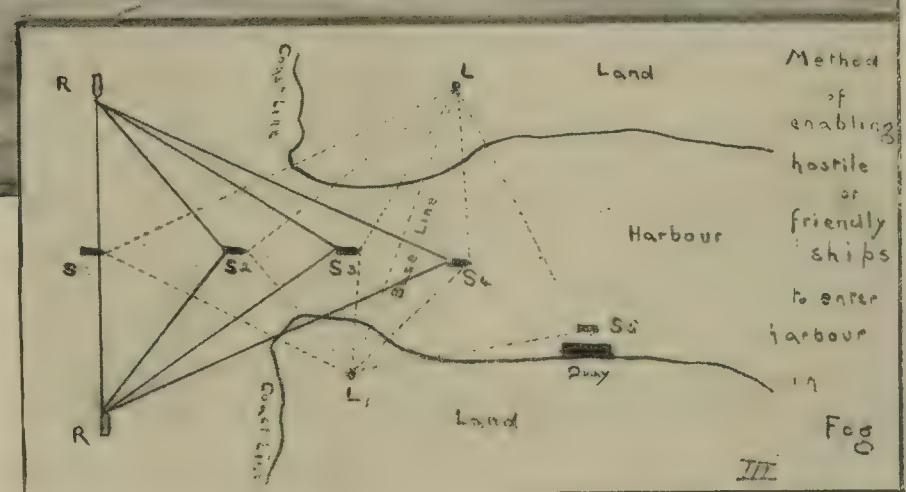
DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTOR, MR. C. E. KELWAY.

MR. C. E. KELWAY.



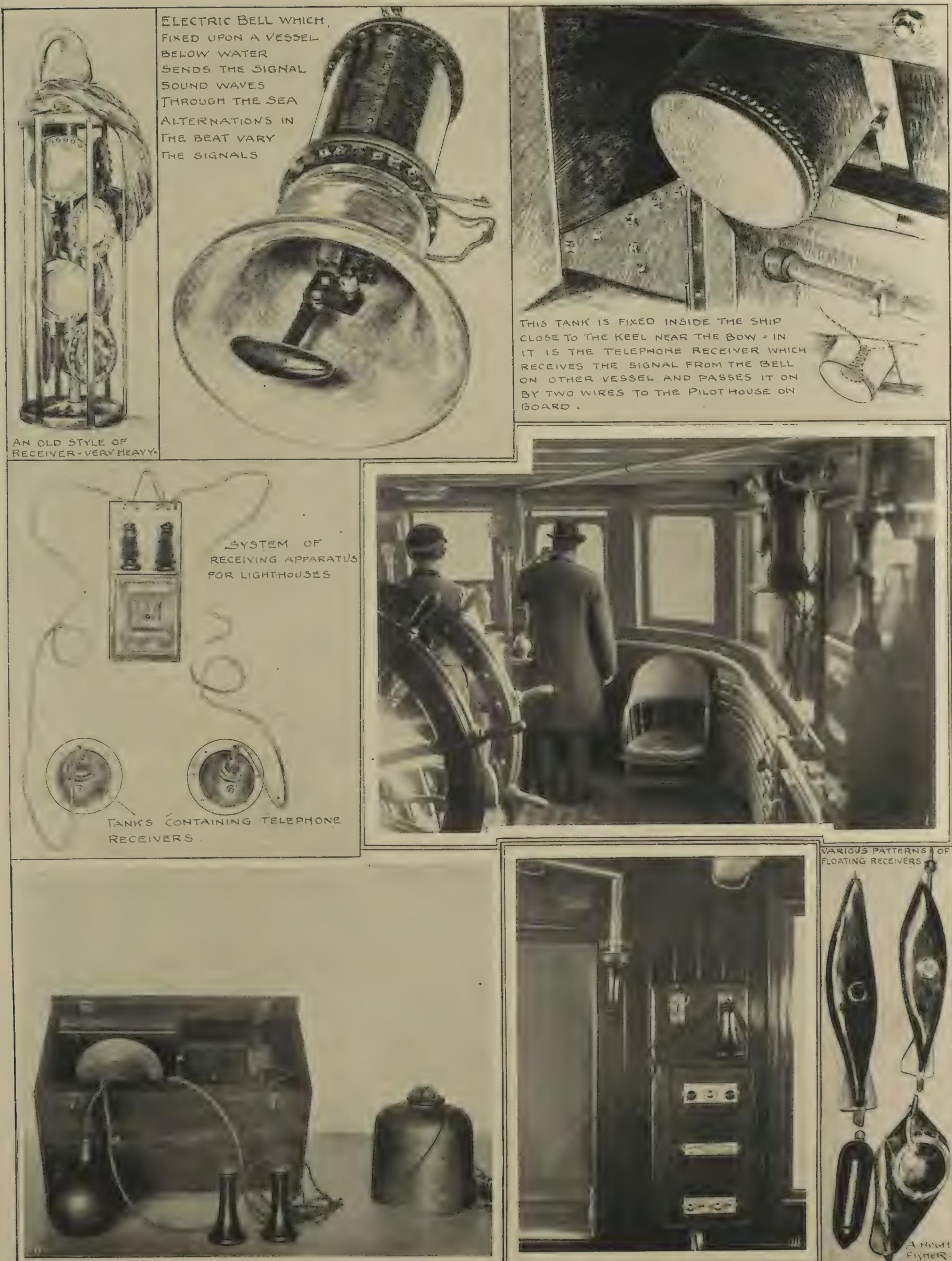
CRUISERS GUIDING THE FIRING OF A BATTLE-SHIP AT AN UNSEEN MARK: THE KELWAY SOUND-LOCATING AND RANGE AND POSITION-FINDING SYSTEMS EXPLAINED

Cruisers 1 and 2 (DIAGRAM II.) are for observation only, and lie within sight of the town, but out of range of the shore batteries. The firing ship 3 lies where it cannot be hit by the forts owing to the contour of the ground, but within range of the town. It cannot, however, see its target. When about to fire, ship 3 warns 1 and 2 by wireless telegraphic bell. They watch for the bursting of the shell, and each takes the time between the flash and the report by Kelway's stop-watch, which gives the distance of each observation-ship from the point of explosion. With their known distance apart as base-line A, they set off the distances B and C on the telemeter (DIAGRAM I.), and obtain the triangle which, when applied to the chart of the town, shows the point where the shell fired along trajectory D has burst. Errors in gunnery are thus corrected by wireless telegraphic signals to the firing ship. (Note.—The numbers and letters on the telemeter correspond with the ships and distances observed.) Similarly, by observing times of report of gun in ship 3, ships 1 and 2 can learn their relative position to that vessel. DIAGRAM III.—L and L_r are signalling-stations on shore. S₁, a friendly ship approaching quay. The base-line L L_r is known. L and L_r, at intervals of thirty seconds, sound a signal, at the same time notifying the moment of sounding to S₁ by Hertzian waves. The distances S₁, L_r, and S₁, L are thus ascertained, and the ship learns her position; similar observations taken at S₂, S₃, S₄, S₅ give the dotted triangles, and bring the vessel safely in. In war-time the base-line is given by two moored cruisers R R, which, by the same method of signals, give the ship the series of triangles marked by the black lines, thus enabling her to enter the harbour.



AVERTING COLLISIONS AT SEA BY TELEPHONE: A SYSTEM OF SUBMARINE SIGNALS

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTORS.



PROFESSOR GRAY AND ARTHUR J. MUNDY'S SHIP-LOCATING SYSTEM, SUCCESSFULLY TESTED AT TEN-MILE DISTANCES.

EXPLANATION OF PHOTOGRAPHS.—

1. LISTENING FOR SUBMARINE SIGNALS BY SPEAKING-TUBE ATTACHED TO THE PILOT-HOUSE RECEIVING SET.

2. A COMPLETE SET OF RECEIVING APPARATUS, WITH SPHERICAL TANK CONTAINING THE TELEPHONE-RECEIVER.

3. THE PILOT-HOUSE RECEIVING SET. (N.B.—THE TELEPHONE MUST BE KEPT AWAY FROM THE SHIP'S COMPASSES.)

A GREAT GUARANTEE OF EUROPEAN PEACE: THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.

ILLUSTRATIVE MAPS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



THE AREAS AFFECTED BY THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT, AND THE SIGNATORIES TO THE DOCUMENT OF APRIL 8, 1904.

The terms of the Convention have given general satisfaction, for they settle many points which might at any time have given rise to international complications. The Newfoundland and Egyptian questions will no longer give France the opportunity for the diplomatic pinpricks which have been a constant source of irritation for the last ten or fifteen years.

The chief details of this give-and-take arrangement are set forth in the accompanying charts.

WORSHIPPING THE GODDESS OF CHANCE: THE STATE LOTTERY IN ITALY.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ROME.



DECLARING THE WINNING NUMBERS OF THE STATE LOTTERY IN THE COURTYARD OF THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE, ROME.

The State Lottery in Italy is conducted in eight provincial districts, in each of which there is a separate wheel of fortune. The drawing is held at four every Saturday afternoon, and on the morning of that day booths (1) are opened for the sale of tickets. The counters bearing the numbers are deposited in a revolving glass cylinder (2), and the winning numbers are drawn by a blindfold boy from the Hospital of the Holy Family (3), as in the old days of the English lottery at the Guildhall, when the Bluecoat boys performed this office.

THE NEXT GREAT WORLD'S FAIR: THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION AND ITS MARVELS.

SEVEN PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. GRANTHAM BAIN.



THREE-CYLINDER LOCOMOTIVE OF THE PRUSSIAN RAILWAY
MINISTRY: ATTAINED A SPEED OF $81\frac{1}{4}$ MILES AN HOUR.



THE PALACE OF MINES AND METALLURGY: REMARKABLE FOR
ITS FREE TREATMENT OF MANY ARCHITECTURAL STYLES.



THE PALACES OF MACHINERY, ELECTRICITY, AND EDUCATION
(IN ORDER FROM LEFT TO RIGHT).



THE
PALACE
OF
MACHINERY



THE FAÇADE OF THE EDUCATION PALACE
(SHOWING THE SPLENDID COLONNADE).



A CORNER
OF THE
PALACE OF
VARIED
INDUSTRIES.



ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF TRANSPORTATION.

THE PALACE OF MANUFACTURES.



THE BACK OF THE BUILDING.



THE EXTERIOR FACING BROOK GREEN.



THE CORRIDOR.



THE HALL.

THE NEW BUILDINGS OF ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, BROOK GREEN, OPENED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES, APRIL 15.

The buildings, which have been designed by Mr. Gerald C. Horsley, are magnificently equipped for educational purposes. The principal elevation is adorned by some interesting pieces of sculpture, representing Arts and Science, the work of Mr. Henry Pegram. In the centre gable is a shield bearing the arms of the Mercers' Company, the Trustees of the foundation. Our photographs are supplied by the courtesy of Mr. J. Williams Watson, Master of the Mercers' Company.

AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR OBESITY.

The PERMANENT ERADICATION of SUPERFLUOUS FAT.

Persons afflicted with stoutness need no longer repine. There are too many who have despaired of discovering a real permanent remedy for their seemingly persistent development of superfluous fat; but in the "Russell" treatment these disappointed ones may rest assured that they will find a positively reliable cure when everything else has proved an utter failure. And not only will they regain an elegant figure, they will find health restored, strength increased, greater activity of the digestive and other organs, and increased nerve-force and alertness of brain-power. The "Russell" treatment is tonic and strengthening: to undergo a course of this pleasant and entirely harmless cure is to feel and look many years younger; for the body, whilst being surely and safely reduced to normal proportions, is all the time receiving increased nourishment and being endowed with stamina, muscular development, and staying power. Mr. F. Cecil Russell, who has devoted many years to perfecting his treatment, guarantees a reduction varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. within twenty-four hours, succeeded by a reliable daily decrease until the desired result is assured. After this the continuation of the treatment is unnecessary, for the superabundant fat will not reappear; in fact, the method employed aims at the very root of the evil. It is rational and scientific, and would not harm the most delicate constitution. There are no conditions as to violent exercise or drastic dietary restrictions. The healthy appetite, which is one of the results of the tonic nature of Mr. Russell's régime, ensures increased nourishment by means of properly digested wholesome food. There is no room for doubt on these essential points. In "Corpulency and the Cure," Mr. Russell's standard work, are to be found hundreds of personal statements from persons of both sexes who have received permanent benefit. A gratis copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), which contains the recipe amongst an almost inexhaustible fund of information on the causes and the cure of obesity, will be sent to any person interested who will forward three penny stamps (for postage under private envelope) to F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

It is with no diffidence that we venture to call the attention of the corpulent to the fact that the "Russell" treatment for the permanent cure of obesity continues to prove itself the most successful of all methods for regaining the symmetrical proportions of youth, not only without injury to health, but, on the contrary, with a very marked improvement in robustness, strength, and vitality. The treatment, indeed, is not only remarkable for its complete and permanent eradication of superfluous fat, both internal and subcutaneous, but for its vitalising, reinvigorating effects; so that a weakly person of a corpulent habit, incapable of sustained physical effort, and groaning under an ungainly burden which makes life a misery, may in a comparatively short space of time, by easy and simple means, become a new being, replete with strength and energy, with the glow of health upon the cheeks, with ease and grace of movement, and altogether a new capacity for enjoying the good things of life.

The "Russell" treatment is in every way pleasant and easy to follow. It requires no aid from exhausting and weakening exercises, from constant cathartics, from excessive sweating, or other debilitating processes. Nor are any semi-starvation dietary restrictions enjoined. On the contrary, the appetite, vastly improved by the treatment, needs to be fully satisfied with generous food, so that the impoverished fat-laden blood and muscle may be enriched and renovated. That is one of the secrets of the enormous success of the "Russell" régime. It gives muscle for fat, strength for weakness, nerve-force for debility.

The reduction effected is surprising. Within twenty-four hours of starting the treatment the subject will experience a decrease of weight. This varies between $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 2 lb. in usual cases. In very pronounced cases the decrease is considerably more. After this primary effort the fat thrown off daily is persistently appreciable until normal weight and elegant proportions are regained. At this point the treatment may be abandoned. The curative work is completed.

The recipe of the principal preparation employed (a harmless liquid of vegetable ingredients) is published

in "Corpulency and the Cure," the work by which Mr. F. C. Russell, the founder of the treatment, is chiefly known. This standard book of 256 pages contains everything that a stout person of either sex could wish to know respecting the causes and the cure of corpulency. It is clear, concise, and comprehensive. Those of the stout persuasion who desire to know more about this very remarkable treatment are warmly recommended to obtain a copy of the work. This may be done by sending three penny stamps (for private postage) to the author, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., who will despatch a copy by return mail. We are sure that no corpulent person will regret perusing this exceedingly instructive and interesting little volume.

A HINT TO STOUT LADIES.

[Reprinted from the "Penny Illustrated Paper."]

Ladies are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly boned and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semi-starvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that these objections are heeded, for all such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity or of checking its approach are weakening and debilitating in the extreme, and, if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects upon the system. Very different indeed is the simple and healthful method of permanently reducing a too rotund figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Russell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and three penny stamps. For the benefit of the stout among us we append Mr. Russell's address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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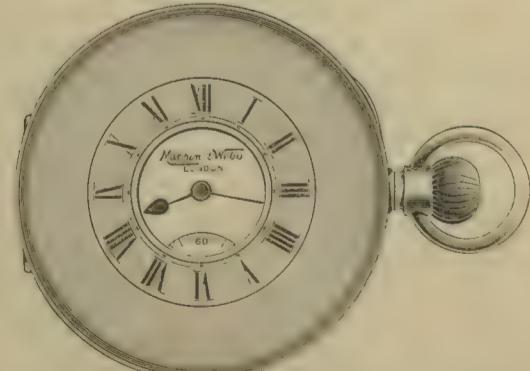
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LADIES' PAGES.

The Queen's illustrious father, who has just celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, has still a slender, upright figure and a brisk, alert carriage that many a man of sixty would envy; and as the late Queen of Denmark also retained her girlish grace of movement and much of her charm of countenance till eighty years of age, our beloved and admired Queen's continued beauty can hardly be wondered at, aided as it is by the most gracious and sweetest of hearts. Her Majesty is very practical, too. The technical school that she founded at Sandringham has produced a large quantity of splendid work; and in the direction of plans for the well-being of the poorer class of her people, the continued interest that her Majesty takes in the Alexandra Trust restaurant, her gift of an installation for the light-treatment at the London Hospital, and her suggestion to the County Council architect to put more cupboards into artisans' dwellings are only a few of the details in evidence. The County Council has just informed her Majesty that her suggestion as to the cupboards has been obeyed in the latest buildings that the Council erected. Perhaps the architects of middle-class flats will adopt the idea also?

It is a curious coincidence that two persons to whom the masses of poor women owe a debt of gratitude should have died almost on the same day. Though Mr. Justice Byrne and Miss Frances Power Cobbe had nothing else in common probably, they were the authors of two successive Acts of Parliament under which the lot of ill-treated wives of the poorer class has been greatly alleviated. The credit of initiating the reform must be given to Miss Cobbe. She had one day been reading a string of reports of cruel assaults by men upon their wives, and, sick with disgust, she rose from her armchair with an emphatic promise to herself never to rest till she had worked some amendment in the law. She found that the brutalities brought before the magistrates were generally only the climax of a long series of cruelties, and that the ill-treated women, when asked why they had borne so long such bad treatment, explained that it was in part because they had families to keep for whom the man's wages were needed, and in part because they dreaded the return to domestic life of the brute embittered by his punishment. Miss Cobbe therefore devised the plan of allowing magistrates, in cases where "aggravated assault" was proved, to order a judicial separation, with an allowance for the support of the family. This Bill was taken charge of, at Miss Cobbe's request, by Mr. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London, and passed into law; and it has not only freed hundreds of women



SPRING GOWN IN DRAP SOUPLE.

from cruel usage, but has also, no doubt, checked violence and prevented assaults from happening in many other cases. As it worked satisfactorily, Mr. Justice Byrne, several years later, when he was in the House of Commons, applied the same principle to other cases of matrimonial hardship for the poorest class of wives, such as desertion and wilful failure to maintain the family, and "persistent cruelty" of less degree than "aggravated assault."

Miss Cobbe was one of the early leaders of the Woman's Suffrage movement. She spoke effectively on the platform, but her services to the movement were chiefly literary. She was one of the first women journalists, and wrote several "leaders" a week, first for the *Echo*, and later for the *Standard*, and used to boast that she never once failed to be up to time with her work during several years of engagement on those daily papers. She used also—was it to boast, or to regret?—that in all her life she never saw a man she wished to marry! Miss Cobbe resided with and helped Miss Mary Carpenter, the founder of juvenile reformatory in England; but that domestic arrangement was not satisfactory. Miss Carpenter kept house, but she was an ascetic, and was satisfied with any sort of meals. Miss Cobbe was plump and fond of good living. At last she got her doctor's orders to tell Miss Carpenter that she positively must have a second vegetable every day; and Miss Carpenter provided a dozen radishes. Afterwards Miss Cobbe joined Miss Elliott, daughter of the Dean of Bristol, in workhouse-visiting and Poor Law reform. Ultimately she settled on anti-vivisection as her chief interest, gaining the assistance of Cardinal Manning, Tennyson, and the "good Earl" of Shaftesbury. A large fortune was bequeathed to her by a Mrs. Yates, who was almost a stranger to her personally—the only instance I know of a woman being thus rewarded for her public services. Frances Power Cobbe's name will find a place in any record of the good and great women of the Victorian era.

One of Miss Cobbe's books, perhaps the most popular one with the public, was entitled, "The Peak in Darien," and was an effort to prove the probability of individual immortality on natural grounds, chiefly on records of the last sayings and actions of the dying. Truly it is wonderful to see, as I myself and many others have done, the sudden lighting up of the countenance, the expression of wonder and interest that sometimes mark the moment of dissolution. Many deathbeds are so solaced by sedative drugs administered to soothe the last sufferings that there is no possibility of any such indication; but where the mental powers remain unimpaired and the physical capacity to display any feeling is still possible, this wonderful expression of amazement is now and then to be observed. That apparent glimpse of the new world that opens to the dying eye and of the waiting escort

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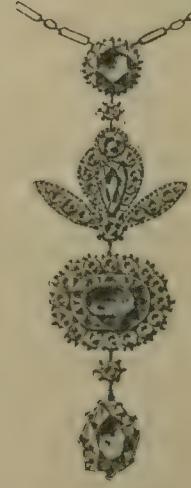
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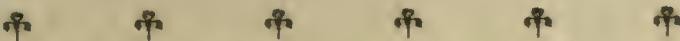
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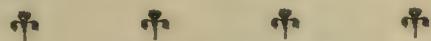
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invisible till the fleshly veil is flung aside, is what Miss Cobbe thought was seen from "The Peak in Darien." Perhaps she pondered on the subject the more because an ancestress of hers is the heroine of one of the most authentic ghost stories on record. Lady Betty Cobbe, in the reign of George III., agreed with her relative, the then Marquis of Waterford, that whichever of them died first should, if it proved possible, return and show the survivor that there was another life. A few nights after Lord Waterford's death Lady Betty awoke to find him, looking very miserable, standing by her bedside. At her request that he would leave her some sign by which she could assure herself that it was not a dream that he had returned, he took her wrist in his clasp, and left thereupon a band of fiery heat. The mark of the burn remained permanently so visible that Lady Betty wore a black velvet band on her wrist till her dying day to conceal the mark of the ghostly touch!

Weddings have been very numerous since Easter. A pretty novelty was introduced in the ceremony when Miss Talbot, daughter of the Bishop of Rochester, was married, by her father conducting the service, and her mother giving the bride away. That the bride is free from superstition may be judged from the fact that the Prime Minister's wedding gift to her took the form of a lovely opal necklace. Queen Victoria often gave opals for wedding gifts; indeed, her principal marriage gift to the present Queen was a magnificent set of large round opals, set about with diamonds in a necklace, brooch, and earrings. But the superstition against those lovely gems is still strong. One fashion that is taken up for the weddings of the moment is the Early Victorian scarf drooping down from the shoulders and draped over the bent arms; it affords an excellent means of introducing a touch of colour with white silk muslin or crêpe-de-Chine frocks. All-white dresses are frequently chosen for bridesmaids, because any pronounced colour is sure to be unfavourable to some of the attendant bevy; but turquoise, emerald, lily-leaf, or cherry-colour can be introduced in the form of a belt and a Victorian scarf without making anybody "a fright."

Smooth cloth—the modiste's name for it just now is "drap souple"—in light shades or in tones of brown is used for many smart dresses of the tailor order; meaning by this a gown of a certain simplicity, but well cut, well pressed, and fitting with some precision. Cloth is also much in vogue for opera mantles or cloaks. One in cream cloth lined with turquoise soft silk had insertions of Cluny lace over turquoise satin, and was fastened with loops of blue silk cord passing over blue velvet big buttons. Another pale-grey cloth was garnished with three little capes, each edged with blue velvet and enhanced in beauty by lines of passementerie in pink, blue, and golden silk threads on a biscuit ground.



A LIGHT CLOTH COAT.

A cream cloth, again, was made in the full loose shape of a driving-coat, the sleeves so full that they would pass over those of any demi-toilette bodice without injuring the latter. It was lined with pink soft silk, and adorned with a hood of black satin lined also with pink, but this was draped over with a layer of black Bretonne net, and the net continued as long ends falling to the feet in front, passing in bands over the shoulders. Round the feet was a deep embroidery in black satin appliquéd with gold cord outlining the design. Cloth for such purposes as this, and, indeed, to make a really good gown, must be of the finest variety. If it is at all harsh and stiff, the whole effect is cheap and clumsy and ungraceful. The more supple the cloth, the finer the material out of which it is woven, and, by inevitable consequence, the higher the price.

"Drap souple" constructs both the elegant toilettes shown in our Illustrations this week. The gown is in a light cloth, with trimmings as revers and vest of white cloth embroidered with gold. A deep waistbelt and that bow at the bust may be in the ever-effective touch of black, or may introduce any other colour in harmony with the trimming of the hat. The bandeau of white roses decorating the simple hat worn in the sketch would appropriately be accompanied by a black satin belt. Notice should be taken of the sloping and tight-fitting shoulders, with the great fullness of the sleeve beneath, and its set into a wide cuff of the embroidery finished by a frill of lace. The other illustration is a coat of light cloth, suitable for a race-meeting or similar smart occasion. Here, again, the very wide sleeve and the sloping "Early Victorian" shoulder are marked features of the design. The trimming is constructed of a broad fancy braid fixed into position with cord ornaments. The yoke is covered with a line of lace in a square design, and a picture-hat with a sweeping white ostrich-plume finishes the effect. Feathers are holding a high place among the decorations of the season's hats, their grace and picturesqueness commanding them for the smartest occasions, and ombré effects being particularly liked. Nothing, however, has a more common look than a cheap ostrich-feather.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said the wise man. Well, fortunately for the interest of life, this age has disproved that notion. But we should have been disposed to think up to now that certainly there was nothing new possible in the manufacture of chocolate. Suchard, the famous maker of fine chocolate preparations, has just introduced to us something as novel as it is delicious, nevertheless. It is an eating-chocolate, more bland and yet more full of flavour than a milk chocolate, but produced from the cocoa-bean alone by a new process. It is to be known as "Velma Suchard," and connoisseurs should try it forthwith for dessert.

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ART NOTES.

The New English Art Club has usually its surprises—the surprise of a new name, a new promise, a new reputation. This season the surprise belongs to the remeeting with an old friend rather than to the introduction to a new one. Mr. Sargent reappears as an exhibitor after many years of absence, and reappears at a time when war is being waged against Burlington House by Mr. MacColl and other English Art Clubmen. Apart from the strife of voices, and probably even in part ignorant of it, Mr. Sargent contributes his "Stable at Cuenca" and his "Spanish Soldiers," now makers of peace. The Spanish stable, with its line of dark-coloured mules, does not pretend to be more than a sketch; and it shows you how much a sketch may be. At first sight it might be accused of a reckless impressionism; but the result is order, brilliance, reality. You have to place yourself at the right distance for the right vision; and when that is done, the effect is one that dazzles and astonishes. The considered art of the usual New English exhibitor, the thought-out arrangement of lighting, which is all that Mr. Orpen, for instance, allows himself, has its contradiction and flout at the daring hands of Mr. Sargent, who paints what he sees and inserts a confusing fact in the foreground because it happens to be there. As in his portraits, so in his landscapes and his interiors, he shirks nothing—seeing in difficulty only something to overcome. Mr. Sargent's return to Spain and his return to the Egyptian Hall is a double event.

The New English is somewhat poorer in landscape than usual. Mr. Steer's mannerism has become, we

fear, too decided; so that confusion reigns in the lights of his canvas, offering no point of rest. The same criticism applies, in a certain sense, to Mr. Charles Furse, whose very energetic technique pervades the whole of his great canvas, "Timber Haulers." But Mr. Furse saves the situation by an arrangement of

of loving care. The atmosphere is that of the neighbourhood of Calais, and it is a collection of plain surfaces, walls and roofs and roadways in bright sunshine, in deep shadow, in shadow that is transfused with reflected lights. Two figures of nuns penetrate an alley of shadow, leaving the brilliance of the adjacent path—the fact and

the symbol indicated with absolute verity and feeling. Mr. Orpen sends besides "The Cider Press," a reminiscence of the same country, and "Bath Hour," an enlargement in oil of his memorable drawing exhibited last year. One or two skilful drawings are also exhibited here. Mr. John's "Daughter of Ypocras" has the genius of the form of the head. The modelling is quite extraordinary; so is the value given to the dark tones of the hair and the eyes. The same qualities are found in his "Head of a Girl"; and here line alone has to do all the work.

One hails, at first glance, among the New English work, the "Cherubino (from Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro')" as a specimen of the Glasgow school of portraiture; but the name of M. Blanche dispels that attribution, he being one of the Frenchmen who exhibit at the International, and was present with M. Rodin at the opening of the last exhibition. It is a study of one

of the most fascinating characters in all opera. Mr. Will Rothenstein has two considerable pictures, "The Talmud School" and "Corner of the Talmud School." Middle-aged, bearded men are seen intent on the sacred book; and the interior, while exhibiting the subtlety to which the best of the New English painters has accustomed us, attains to a simplicity and dignified directness that is often and easily missed. Other names that must be mentioned are



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PHOTOGRAPH BY R. L. DUNN, CHEMULPO.

central light which helps to bring together his multitudinous brushwork. His work is important, and, in parts, beautiful. It gives a sense of hard work that is common both to the horses and to the artist in his presentation of them. Mr. Orpen's "La Route de Velettes" (we quote the catalogue) presents the called-for contrast in the gentleness of the handling. Here, at any rate, the surface of the paint has been the object

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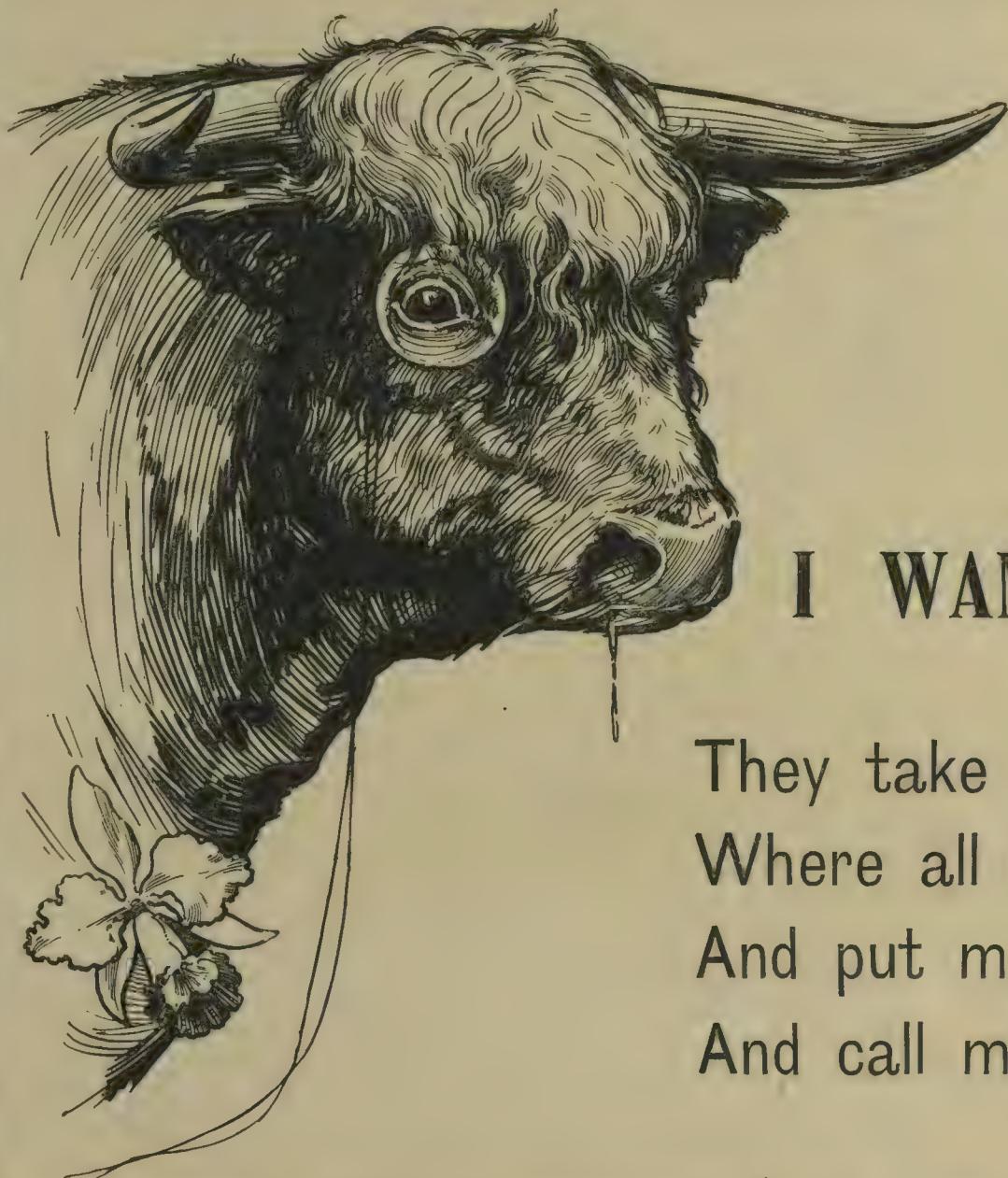
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those of Mr. Strang, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. MacColl, Mr. Russell, Professor Brown, and Mr. Tonks.

The Royal Water-Colour Society keeps its centenary with the best exhibition that has been seen this long time in Pall Mall. Venice is the note. Mr. Melville's "The Music-Boat" is a night scene with the usual lanterns; the dark is full of colour. Mr. Melville is seen too rarely on these walls; and so, indeed, is work of quality so fine as his. Miss Montalba sends from Venice a drawing that is masterly alike in colour and composition. Mr. Sargent gives the newest Venetian view of all: his is the frankly unsentimental interpretation of the front of the Santa Maria della Salute, with a busy scene of vegetable-boats in the foreground. Freedom in the view and in the handling is also to be found in Mr. Sargent's three other drawings, although one of these is not so distinctively a Sargent as to free us from a sight of the catalogue to make sure of the attribution. Mr. Anning Bell is, as usual, decorative in his treatment of a group of girls, beautifully arranged. Another master in black-and-white sends a colour-drawing—Mr. E. J. Sullivan. Charm of colour and ease of handling are his, though the salience of his pen-work may be missed. Another worker in line, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, sends a remarkably fine drawing—a study in browns. Mr. Tuke's drawing of bluejackets is prettily painted, if lacking in drama. W. M.

The photographs on our page illustrating the Anglo-French Agreement fail to be acknowledged as follows: Lord Lansdowne by Elliott and Fry; M. Delcassé by Pirou; M. Cambon by Haines; the English Foreign Office by G. W. Wilson.

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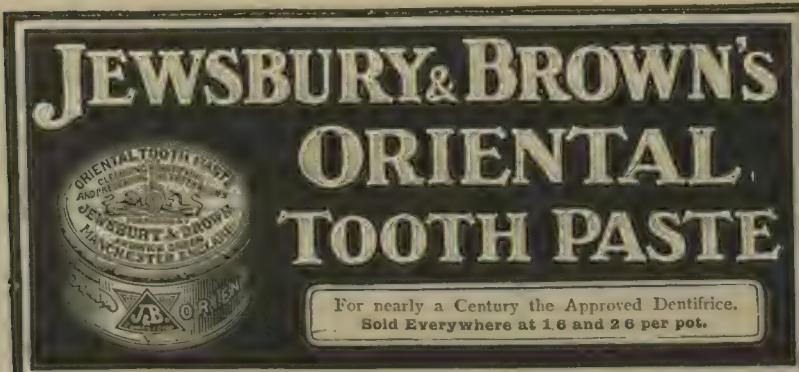


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 19, 1903) of Don Manuel Misa y Bertemati, Count Bayona and Marquess de Misa, of 106, Lancaster Gate, and Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, who died on Jan 8, was proved on April 6 by Helena Bushero de Misa, Marquesa de Misa, the widow, and Buenaventura Pablo Misa, the son, the value of the estate being £472,350. He gives the personal and movable estate at 106, Lancaster Gate, to his wife, and the remainder of the one third of his estate which he can freely dispose of by Spanish law to the children of his son. He increases by one third the share of his property which his son is entitled to by the Spanish law. The testator appoints his son and his daughter Dona Francisca his universal heirs.

The will (dated Nov 6, 1903) of Mr. Henry Hart, of 2, Langland Mansions, Finchley Road, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on March 31 by Gustave Tuck, Charles Dreyfus, and Angel Henry Hart, the executors, the value of the estate being £120,926. The testator gives £250, the household effects, and an annuity of £500 to his wife, £500 each, in trust, for his step-daughters Esther Tuck, Julia Dreyfus, and Minnie Dreyfus; £1500 to the children of his brother Joseph; his premises in Little Saint Andrew Street, E.C., to his brother Henry; £4000 to the children of his brother Henry; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and subject thereto he gives twelve seventieths each to his three step-daughters and eight seventieths to their children, six seventieths to his brother Henry and eight seventieths to his children, five seventieths to Miriam Martin, two seventieths to Gustave Tuck,

and one seventieth each to Joseph Greenwall, Henry Bloom, Hannah Keesing, Rachel Weesen, and Esther Abrahams.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1903) of Mr. Elias Samuel, of 8, Orme Court, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 27, was proved on March 28 by Mrs. Hannah Samuel, the widow, and Lewis Henry Samuel and Henry Abel, the nephews, the value of the estate being £78,363. The testator gives £15,500 and the household effects to his wife; £300 per annum to his sister Maria Samuel for life, and then to Mrs. Lillie Abel for her life; £4000 to Mrs. Octave Levy; £2000 to Mrs. Lillie Abel; and £50 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Jews' Blind Asylum, the Birmingham Philanthropic Society, and the Jews' Orphan Asylum. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife during her widowhood, and subject thereto he gives £10,000, in trust, for Mrs. Lillie Abel; £10,000, in trust, for Mrs. Octave Levy; £2000 to Alfred Abraham Samuel; £3000 to Lewis Henry Samuel; £2000 to Henry Abel; and other legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves to Mrs. Lillie Abel.

The will (dated July 7, 1902), with a codicil (dated Dec. 23, 1903) of Mr. Francis William Everitt, K.C., of 8, Lower Sloane Street, Chelsea, and of Lincoln's Inn, who died on March 9, was proved on April 6 by Arthur Francis Graham Everitt and Walter Lewis Robbins Graham Everitt, the sons, and Charles Lewis Coote, the value of the property amounting to £70,965. The testator bequeaths £200, the household furniture, etc., and the use of his residence to his wife; £600 Consols to his son Arthur; and £100 to Charles Lewis Coote. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay £800 per annum to his wife while she remains his widow, or £400 should she again marry;

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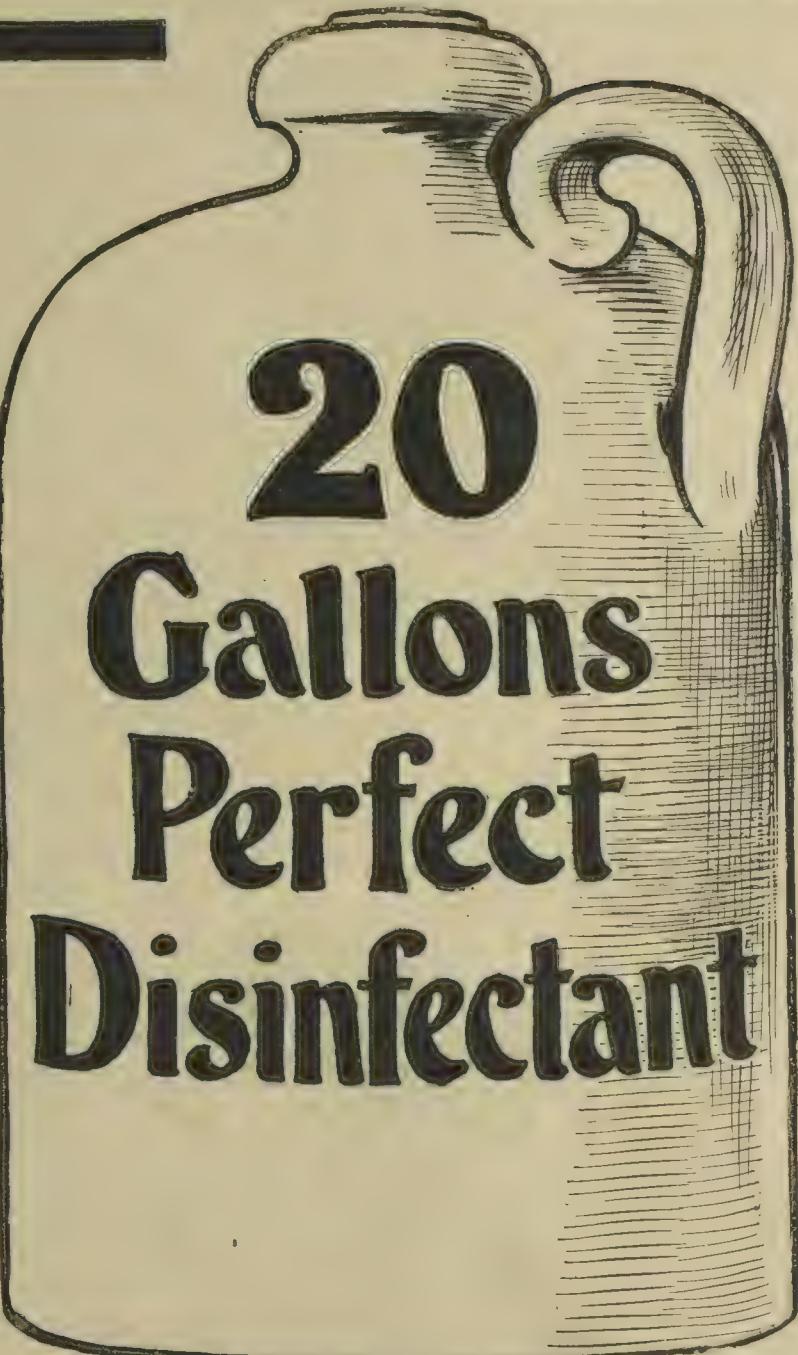
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and, subject thereto, in trust for his two sons in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated Sept. 4, 1903) of Miss Hannah Behrens, of 28, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 7, were proved on March 19 by Edward Behrens; the brother, Walter Lionel Behrens, and Richard Gompertz Behrens, the nephews, and Benjamin Arthur Cohen, the value of the estate being £51,095. Under the provisions of the will of her father she appoints £40,000, in trust, for her niece Annette Behrens; £15,000 each to her brother Edward, her nephews Arthur and Henry Behrens, and her niece Lucy Cohen; £5000 to the children of her deceased niece, Emmeline Cohen; £3000 to Richard Gompertz Behrens; £3000 to her niece Annie Behrens; £8000 between Walter, Oliver, George, Helen, Kate, Olive, Harold, and Noel Behrens; £2000 to Arthur Cohen; £5000 each to Edward and Sydney Micholls; £6000 between William Cohen, Henry Cohen, Margaret Morrison, Mary Cohen, Katherine Cohen, and Winifred Cohen; an annuity of £350 to her nephew Sydney Behrens, and the residue of such funds, in trust, for her niece Annette Behrens. She gives £500 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Jews' Schools (Manchester), the Cancer Hospital (Manchester), and the Governesses' Home (Manchester); £300 to the University College Hospital; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her niece Annette Behrens.

The will (dated March 20, 1903) of Mr. William Crucknell Jolly, of Upper Terrace Lodge, Hampstead, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 24 by Mrs. Ellen Eliza Jolly, the widow, and Paul Jolly, Russell Jolly, and William Arnold Jolly, the sons, the value of the property amounting to £35,100. The testator gives £100 to his sister Fanny; an annuity of £50 to his

sister Emily; and £500, the household furniture, etc., and the income from the residue of his property to his wife. Subject thereto, he gives 300 ordinary and 100 preference shares of Jolly and Sons, Limited, to his son Paul; 100 ordinary and 400 preference shares each to his other children; and the ultimate residue equally among his children.

The will (dated March 26, 1881) with three codicils (dated July 17, 1894, July 7, 1896, and June 23, 1898), of the Hon. Caroline Devereux, of 3, Wilton Street, S.W., who died on Dec. 22, was proved on March 30 by Henry Averell Daniell and Robert Crawford Antrobus, the brother, the value of the estate amounting to £32,757. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to Sir Henry George Elliot; £500 to her brother Hugh Lindsay Antrobus; £5000, in trust, for Sibyl Constance Bradshaw, Muriel Frances Bradshaw, and Mabel Frances Daniell; £2000, in trust, for Louisa Heneage; £3000, in trust, for her brother Robert Crawford Antrobus; £1500 to Cosmo Gordon Antrobus; £1000 to Flora Streatfeild; £2500 between Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, Henry William Duff Gordon, John Cornwall Duff Gordon, and Evelyn Cunliffe; £1500 to Florence Antrobus; £1500 each to Mary Ann Lewis and Elinor Lewis; and a few small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother Robert Crawford Antrobus.

The will (dated April 22, 1886) of Emily Louise, Dowager Countess of Belmore, of 95, Eaton Place, who died on Jan. 3, was proved on March 23 by Colonel the Hon. Henry William Lowry Corry and Admiral the Hon. Armchair Lowry Corry, the sons, the value of the estate being £17,234. The testatrix gives all the real estate of which she is the heir-at-law of her sister, Ann Maria Georges, to her son the Earl of Belmore; her leasehold premises

in York Terrace and York Gate to her son Henry; and the residue of her property to her son Armar.

The will (dated June 19, 1901) of Lady Adeliza Matilda Manners, of Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, who died on Feb. 7, has been proved by Captain Charles George Edmund John Manners and George Espey John Manners, the sons, the Duke of Norfolk and the Marquis of Granby having renounced probate, the value of the estate being £14,493. Under the provisions of her marriage settlement she appoints £6500 to her daughter Cicely Adeliza Manners; £1500 to her son George Espey, and the remainder of such funds to her son Charles George Edmund. All other her property she leaves to her children.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have granted the use of Stafford House, St. James's, for a meeting on behalf of the Salvation Army's social work, to be held on Wednesday afternoon, 20th current, at 3.30. Lord Brassey will preside.

We have received an artist's proof of a charming photogravure after I. Snowman's Academy picture entitled "The Leopard-Skin." This attractive plate is offered by the proprietors of Bovril to their customers who collect a guinea's worth of Bovril coupons. Coupons of five guineas' value will secure a signed artist's proof.

On Wednesday, May 11, the Right Hon. Sir James Ritchie, Lord Mayor of London, will open the Italian Exhibition, Earl's Court, in state, accompanied by the Sheriffs of the City. The Pope has interested himself personally in the coming Exhibition, and has decided that the Vatican shall send a special exhibit, including mosaics from the workshops of St. Peter.

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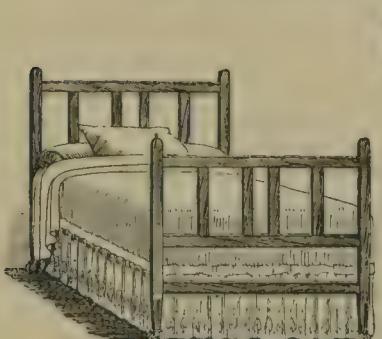
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I am glad to learn that the financial position of the Church Missionary Society has greatly improved. The total income is understood to be about £385,000, the largest sum ever received, save in the centenary year. This is about £44,000 in excess of the income for 1902. The Million Shillings Fund has yielded about £30,000. The officials of the society, who were anxious on account of a recent heavy deficit, have been greatly encouraged by the liberal response to their appeal.

The "Year-Book of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington," is a marvellous record of religious progress. The number of acts of Communion for the year reaches the amazing figure of 35,611, and notwithstanding the severe commercial depression, the total income for 1903 was over £21,000. Actual collections in St. Mary's and its two daughter churches amounted to £6500.

Canon Henson's article on the Bible in the *Contemporary Review* and on the Resurrection in the *Hibbert Journal* are being much discussed among Churchmen, and have been widely quoted in the secular Press. The *Record* expresses regret at the line which this popular preacher is taking, and says: "There was a time when his manly and forcible presentation of

the Christian faith made him a help to many. In his present mood he seems more likely to encourage popular rationalism."

On the first Sunday of May, the Rev. R. J. Campbell celebrates the anniversary of his settlement at the City Temple. At the morning service the individual Communion cups, which to the number of a thousand have been supplied by Mr. Compton Rickett, M.P., are to be used for the first time. Mr. Campbell is occupied at present in raising funds for the memorial church to Dr. Parker at Crowborough. The Lord Mayor, who lunched at the City Temple last week, warmly commended this scheme, and also the new project for opening the City Temple to young men on Sunday afternoons.

The Bishop of St. Albans expects to remove in September to Higham Hall, Woodford Green, which is at present occupied by Lady Henry Somerset. The Bishop finds that the fresh, pure air of Epping Forest suits his health; and he also thinks that Woodford is the most central place he can find for administering the two counties of Essex and Herts.

The Bishop of London travelled to Brussels after leaving Bruges and preached twice on Easter Sunday at Christ Church. He went on to Germany, and has

been preaching every Sunday and several times during the week. He is expected home about April 20.

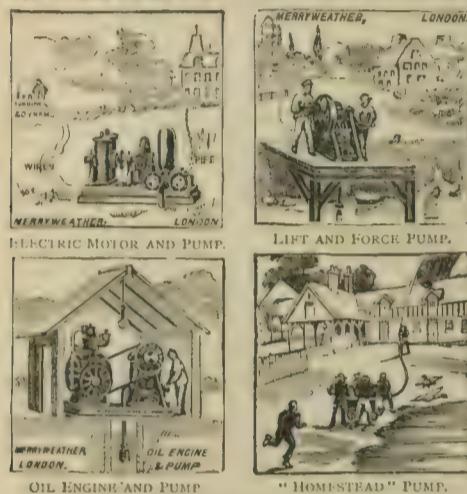
Bishop Ryle is still at Farnham Palace, as his health is not sufficiently restored to allow of his undertaking a journey. He walks in the beautiful old gardens, and attends to some diocesan business.

Bishop Gore continues to take a warm interest in the cause of the suffering Christians of Macedonia. In a recent address he remarked that the worst things that had been said were confirmed by the Government Blue-book, and that the horrors were still going on. Great responsibility rests upon the Christian Powers and on England in particular, and our Consuls may be trusted to administer funds with care and wisdom.

The Bishop of Carlisle is improving in health, but has been ordered to accept no public engagements for a month.

Kensington Congregationalists are looking forward to the visit of Dr. Amory Bradford, who is to occupy the pulpit at Allen Street during May and June. Dr. Bradford has undertaken to preach the Colonial Missionary sermon at the City Temple while the Congregational Union is sitting. This was originally one of Dr. Horton's May engagements, which he was obliged to abandon owing to the serious trouble with his eyesight. V.

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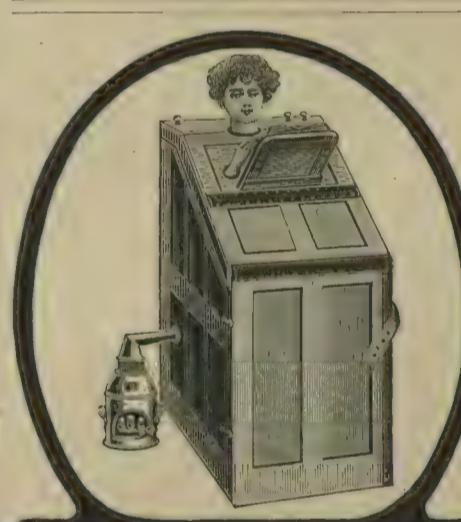
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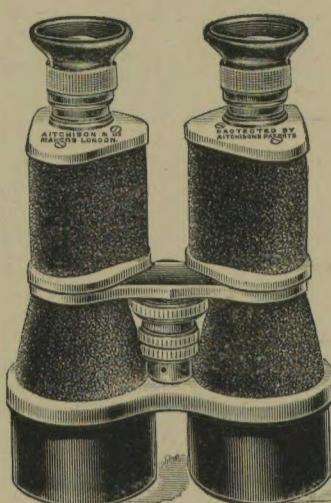
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F. B. NORCLIFFE, Esq., Langton Hall, Malton, Yorks, writes:—
"April 2, 1904. I enclose cheque, having kept the twelve-power
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satisfactory."

JOHN BOLT, Esq., Clifridge, Northam, R.S.O., N. Devon, writes:—
"April 4, 1904. Enclosed is a cheque for the Field Glasses (No. 12,
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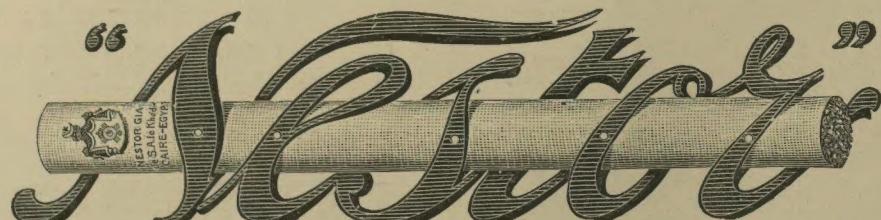
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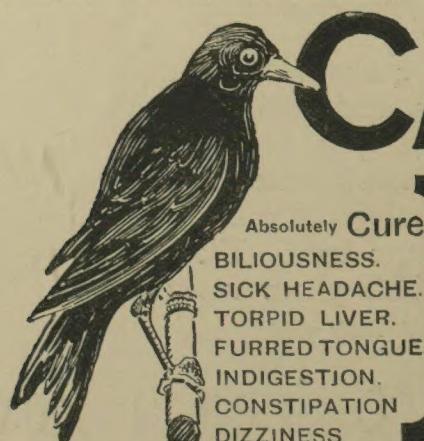
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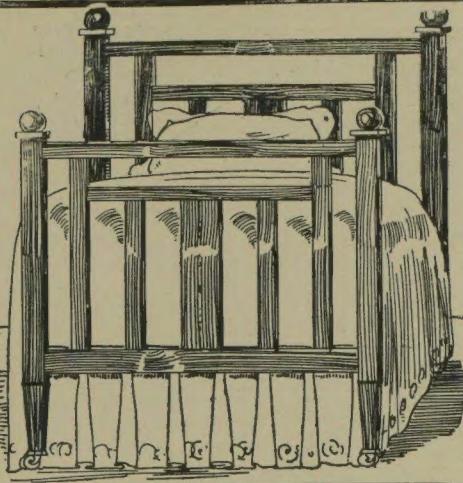
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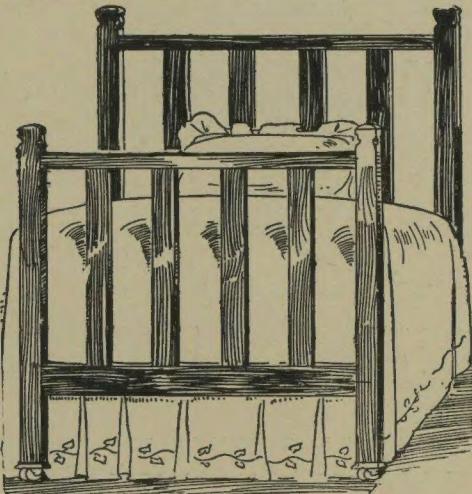
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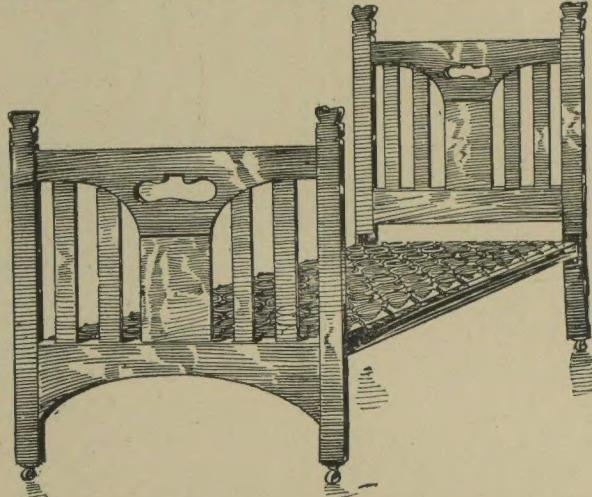


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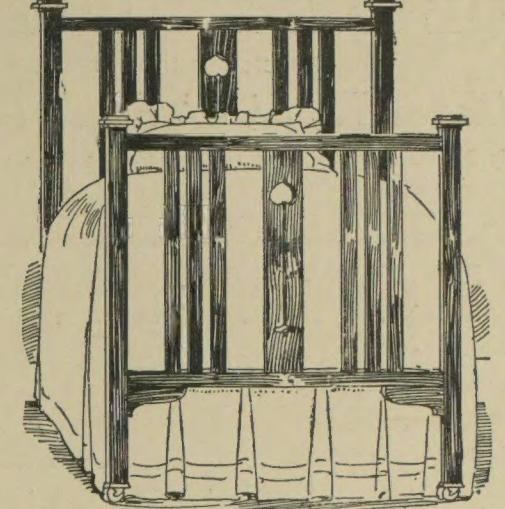
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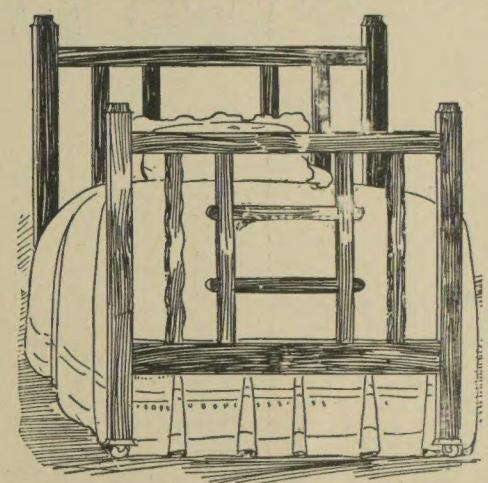
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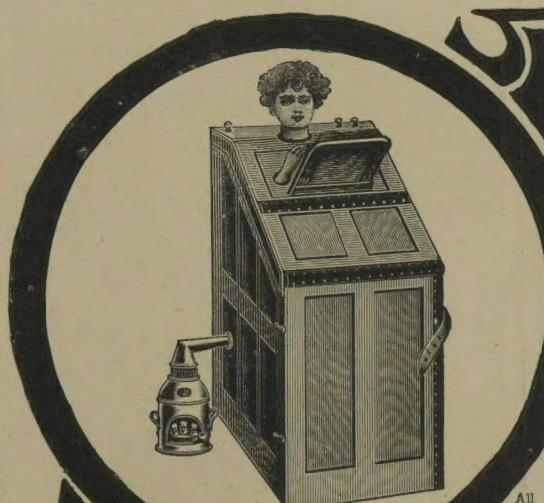
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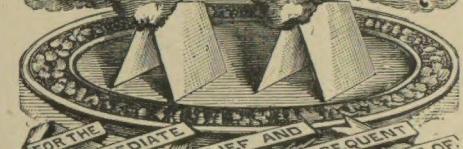
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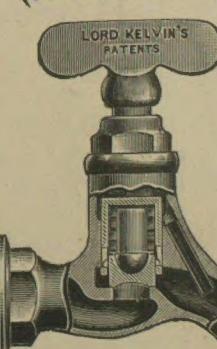
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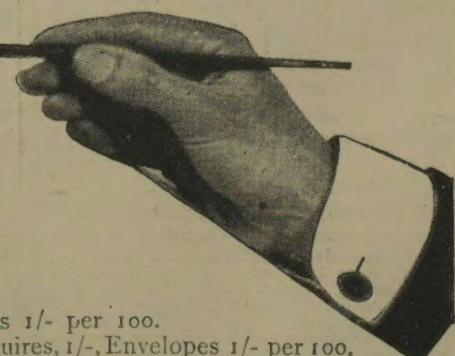
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